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No. 185.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 19, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] OUR FUTURE QUEEN AND EMPRESS [*Lafayette*

The latest portrait of the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness, though not at present in the best of health, has, to everybody's delight, been seen much more in public during the present season. The Princess is just now more popular, and, in looks, dress, and manner, more charming than ever. As one of the most travelled and one of the most observant and intelligent Englishwomen living, as well as one of the best of mothers, the nation has every reason to be proud of the Consort of the Heir-Apparent

No. 185.—Vol. XIV.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 19, 1907

A pleasant feature about our entertainment of foreign Royalties is the way we greet them in their own tongue. English people are not great linguists. We do not expect our Lord Mayors to talk Danish, or Hindustani, or Magyar, at a moment's notice. But we do like our guests to feel at home. So we look up one of their own words and stick to it while they stay with us. Last week the word was *Velkommen*! "Rum language —Danish; rum word—*velkommen*. Never mind, *velkommen* by all means. That is the way we go. Can't chat to you in your tongue. Don't want to. But — *velkommen!*" Thus London might be pictured as addressing their Danish Majesties, and I'm sure their D.M.'s were highly gratified. Heartiness is the great thing.

* * *

Motorists are reported to be getting quite "horsey" as a result of the Olympia Show. "What I want is something stylish, not exceeding 15.3. Must be a sharp mover—clean-legged. Nothing that'll get clayed—what?" as a young gentleman was overheard to observe to an astonished motor-manufacturer. "Are you looking for a Suffolk Punch, sir?" the latter inquired. "Hang it, no," the young man returned; "it must drink petrol. I'm not a Yankee millionaire."

Only One Place for Him!

RECRUITING SERGEANT: "Now, me lad, come along o' me and join the 'Old Slashers'"

IRREVERENT YOUTH: "Why? Is the Colonel dead, guv'nor?"

* * *

Speaking of American millionaires, President Roosevelt has just been advocating the establishment of death duties on the European model, in order that these gentlemen may be taxed more successfully. So much importance nowadays is attached to anything the President says, that it can only be a very few weeks before a Trust for the Evasion of Death Duties is formed.

* * *

What a pity that Mr. Harry Orchard, of Idaho, whose cool testimony during the famous murder trial has been evoking such admiration in the States, is not a native of Russia. He is lost in the backwoods. Over at Moscow, he would be invaluable. As an earnest of our *entente*, we offer the hint to the Russian authorities, if they really want to dissolve the Duma and do the thing thoroughly.

"Commons to shoot the Lords" was a sensational head-line in the *Daily News* a few days ago. We fancy it is a case of the wish being father to the thought. Or it may have been only the halfpenny way of referring to the rifle-match that is to come off at Bisley.

* * *

Herr Hauslian, an Austrian, who for the last five years has been wheeling his wife and daughter round the world in a perambulator, hopes to arrive at Vienna by the end of July. We hope he will, too. There is a capital asylum there.

* * *

That a womanly woman is best is probably the verdict of the burglar who entered the room of a certain Miss Kidd a few nights ago with a jemmy. Miss Kidd behaved with such an unladylike vigour, that the poor man was forced to jump from the window, and has not since been heard of, though the police have looked everywhere for him.

* * *

New England seems to indulge in cycles of modesty just as California indulges in cycles of earthquakes. At present, Mrs. Reilly, of New York, is claiming £2,000 damages from Mr. Samuel Nelson, of that city, for having been kissed by him against her will. We suppose Mr. Nelson's defence will be that a kiss from him is not worth that sum. But how will the jury decide what an unwilling kiss from Mrs. Reilly is worth? Will they have to try? And if so, will Mrs. Reilly's retiring nature insist on the jury being one of matrons? They will hardly be so likely to put a high price on the commodity. It is a complicated matter, but we trust justice will be done.

* * *

We are indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the information that the smart Englishwoman will not go to a dinner unless her Pekinese or Pom is included in the invitation. It is pleasant to hear that the Smart Set—so often derided—are capable of sacrificing their own appetites for the sake of their little pets. At the same time, readers of the *Daily Mail* should not be deterred from asking their lady friends to dinner when so inclined.

Commissioners of Assize

The Government have attempted to relieve the congestion of business in the Courts by appointing two Commissioners of Assize—Lord Coleridge on the Midland Circuit and Mr. H. G. Shee, K.C., on the South Wales; and no doubt matters will have improved before the Long Vacation, though the Attorney-General's prophecy that all the arrears in the King's Bench Division would disappear by the end of July can hardly have been seriously meant. There is a popular rumour that both Commissioners are to be raised to the Bench very shortly—possibly even before this page appears in print—and I hope, but do not at all believe, that this will turn out to be the case.

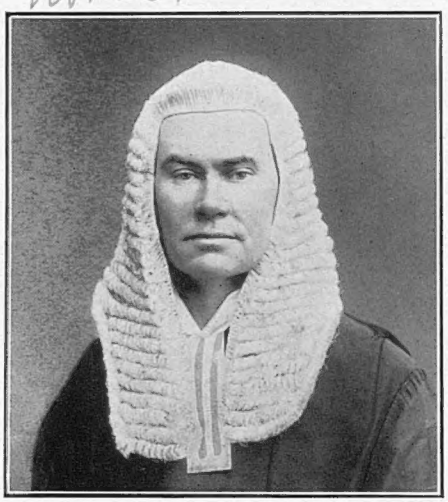


Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Mr. H. G. Shee, K.C.

Recently appointed Commissioner of Assize on the South Wales Circuit

Red and Black Judges

The practice of appointing Commissioners to relieve the regular judges is cheap and convenient, but is open to two very serious objections. In the first place, it is unpopular. The Commissioner sits in a black gown instead of the judicial scarlet and ermine, and the occupants of the public gallery at the Assize Courts resent the sight almost as much as a Roman Catholic or Anglican would if he saw a priest officiating without his vestments or surplice. It has several times happened that criminals have publicly expressed their objection to be tried by anyone but a "Red Judge," and this may occur again this summer, since each of the Commissioners is going to a number of places where he will sit alone, and consequently will have to try a great many criminal cases. It is only fair to say that, in the present instance, this is only a sentimental objection, for both Lord Coleridge and Mr. Shee (unlike some former Commissioners) have had plenty of experience in criminal work.

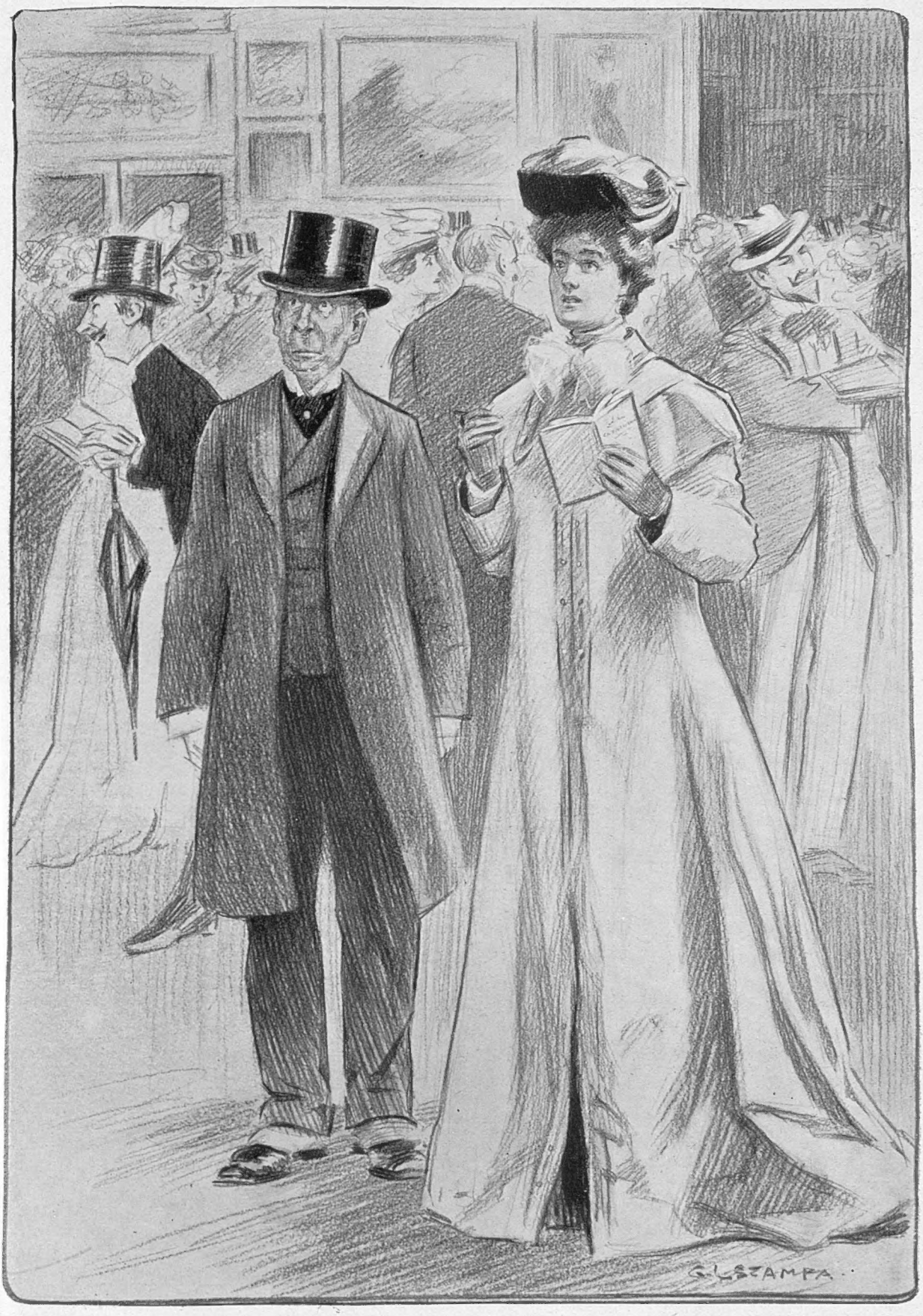
An Expensive Dignity

In the second place, the practice is very unfair to the Commissioners themselves. The appointment is a public compliment which can hardly be refused, but which often causes great pecuniary loss to its recipient. A Commissioner receives a fee of five hundred guineas, besides the usual daily allowance for expenses, and if his practice is not a large one, he would not be very much out of pocket if, after completing his judicial duty, he could take his ordinary work at the Bar up again at the point where he left it. Unfortunately, this is impossible. During his absence his clients have had to employ other men, and are not only unwilling to make a second change in the course of a few weeks, but often think that, as their former counsel will probably be raised to the Bench very shortly, it is not worth while going back to him, and he consequently has to spend the next year or two in building up a new practice. It would be interesting to know how much Sir F. Bosanquet and Mr. English Harrison lost by their Commissionerships a few years ago. If Lord Coleridge is not made a judge, he will have a very real grievance against the Lord Chancellor, for he has been Commissioner on the Midland Circuit for two years in succession, and his practice must have been almost destroyed.

Crowded County Courts

The congestion of business in many of the County Courts is quite as bad as it is in the King's Bench Division, and some of the judges, notably Judge Edge at Clerkenwell, are constantly complaining of overwork. The Government propose to get over the difficulty by appointing temporary assistant judges to the most crowded courts; but this expedient is open to the same objection as the Commissionerships of Assize, for few properly qualified men could afford to accept the position unless it were accompanied by a promise of a permanent judgeship at the next vacancy. As a matter of fact, the judges referred to ought to regard their very legitimate grievance as a compliment, for it means that they are respected and trusted by those who practise before them. The number of cases tried in a County Court depends upon the ability of the judge, and it is constantly found that a good judge succeeding a bad one doubles the work, while a bad judge succeeding a good one halves it. Judge Edge is one of the best judges in the London district, and therefore has to sit early and rise late; while others, who shall be nameless, lead a life of dignity and ease, and finish their day's work in time for tea, if not for lunch.

Its Probable Past



Overheard at the Academy

ARTISTIC LADY: "Why ever did they hang *that* picture, I wonder?"

MATTER-OF-FACT GENT: "I expect it killed somebody on the way here!"

BY G. L. STAMPA

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

"Out of Town"

To the quiescent bystander Ascot week in Town invariably presents amusing reflections. Everyone with any claims at all to social glory must, of course, be seen at Ascot. Should circumstances prevent, or should one have set one's heart on a place in the Royal Enclosure and been refused a voucher by that hard-hearted Lord Churchill, then there is but one thing to do. One must be ordered—"positively *ordered*, my dear"—a rest-cure. For the whole of the week one must be "not at home" to callers and "telephoners." One must not walk down Bond Street, drive in the Park, or pay calls, for to do so is to prove oneself out of the very thick of the social "scrum." Retirement from the world is, therefore, the discretionary part of valour, which is worse than useless.

* * *

Royal Ascot

Last year, Ascot proved no very great social event. The Court was in mourning, there was no State procession, only a man's party was entertained at Windsor, and Frogmore was closed, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were in Norway for the Coronation. This year, if only Pluvius stay his hand, the Royal Ascot Meeting should indeed prove glorious. At Windsor, the house-party includes, besides the King and Queen of Norway and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duke of Richmond, Count Mensdorff, and the Marquis de Soveral. At Frogmore, at Bagshot, at Cumberland Lodge, and at every house within driving or motoring distance, large house-parties are assembled, and altogether we are promised a record Ascot.

* * *

The Royal Enclosure

Applications for vouchers admitting to that sacred spot, the Enclosure, have exceeded by some eight thousand the number possible to be allotted. The Enclosure is a small stretch of grass, divided from the course only by a light iron railing, and there are no chairs, but only some of the hardest wooden benches on which it was ever my lot to sit. There are three stands, the Royal, the Jockey Club, and that for the occupants of the Enclosure, a tiny corner of which is divided off for the use of Lord Churchill. That is all. But it is the Mecca to which all good *mondaines* aspire. Bribery, strategy, even threats, are resorted to in order to obtain the coveted vouchers. This year one lady wrote that her husband had lately sent a thousand guineas to such and such a charity, another that her husband would do likewise were the vouchers forthcoming, while many ignore the recognised price of the tickets—two guineas for a lady and four for a gentleman—and offer any money.

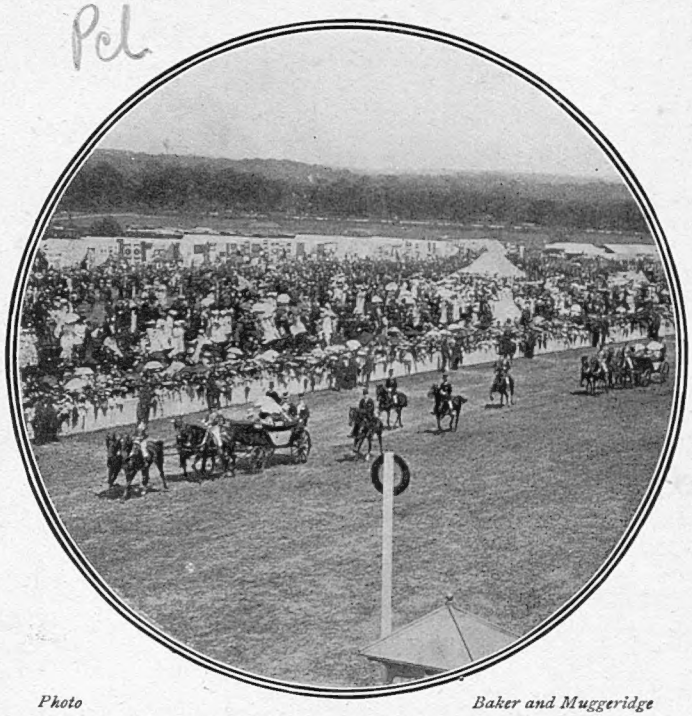


Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

ASCOT WEEK: THE ROYAL PROCESSION UP THE COURSE

One of the former glories of Ascot which King Edward has revived, much to the delight of thousands of race-goers

* * *

A Carefully Censored Enclosure

"I'll send you my bill of fare," said Lord Bolingbroke, trying to persuade Swift to dine with him. "Rather send me your bill of company," answered Swift.

Owing to the long dissociation of Queen Victoria from social affairs of this nature, it is well known that the Royal Enclosure at Ascot was, for many years during the latter part of her reign, by no means so difficult of access as it is at present. So easy was it, indeed, that at one time it seemed as if all the right people had been excluded and all the wrong included. To-day, it is the King himself who passes the "bill of company." Vouchers are given or withheld solely at his Majesty's pleasure. No one, not even a duke, has a right to admittance. The Guards, the racing peers, and the King's personal friends, have their names on a permanent list—but even their entry is by favour, not by right. In only one direction is a slight bias of allotment observed. Members of the Government in office receive, as is only just, rather more consideration than those of the Opposition. The spoils are to the victors after all.

The Social Sanctum Sanctorum

THAT MOST EXCLUSIVE OF PLACES, THE ASCOT ROYAL ENCLOSURE

General View of the Lawns on Cup Day

So increasing is the demand for admission to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—regardless of special social qualifications—that, this year, eight thousand applicants have had to be refused. The Enclosure is not, in itself, luxurious; on the contrary, it is of small extent, separated from the ring by only a light rail. It is, further, only provided with hard and comfortless seats. However, it *is* the Enclosure, the "Mecca of *mondaines*," and to be seen there is a privilege for which the *nouveau riche* would pay through his (or her) ample nose

Gala Night at the Opera

The Queen at the Opera

Many beautiful women, uniforms of varying magnificence, a blaze and glitter of diamonds, wonderful gowns, and a charmingly decorated house, served to make the Gala Performance last week in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark a memorable occasion. One figure stood out from the rest, exquisite, gracious, a perfect type of queenliness. Queen Alexandra has never looked so beautiful. Her vivacity drew all eyes, her diamonds dazzled them. She wore an all-round diamond crown —newly set, I believe, by Cartier—great pearls in her tiny ears, and a necklace the equal of which for size and glittering glory I have yet to see. Her diamond-sewn Paris gown was worn slipping off her exquisitely shaped shoulders; the only touches of colour lay in her Orders and in the lovely old Spanish fan she carried. She talked much to her brother, the King of Denmark, on her right, and once, so full of spirits was she, that she set the long line of Royalties off into a fit of laughter, which the Queen of Denmark seemed to have difficulty in restraining. Her Majesty, indeed, was the talk of the house. Crabbed age and youth united in her praises, and when she left, graciously bowing, sweetly smiling, and entirely lovely, quite a sigh of affection and admiration followed her.

* * *

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The Late General Sir A. Ellis

For forty years Equerry to the King. His death occurred with tragic suddenness during the Gala Performance at the Opera last week

The King

It was very hot in the Opera House that night—for the men, in their gorgeous, high-collared uniforms, almost unbearable. The King, in a Danish Hussar uniform, looked warm, and a good deal older than when in ordinary evening dress. He sat between the Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales, and talked very little to either of them. The Princess of Wales looked rather white and fragile in comparison with the Queen's brilliancy. She wore a tightly swathed blue satin frock, many pearls, and her small diamond crown. The Prince of Wales was in naval uniform, and very quiet, only speaking when his mother addressed him. The King was not informed until the close of the performance of the tragic death of General Sir Arthur Ellis, which occurred in the Opera House just as the Royal party entered their box.

* * *

The King and Queen of Denmark

Both the King and Queen of Denmark are very pleasant-looking people, though the former is somewhat of a contrast to his Royal sister in the matter of personal good looks. Dressed in white, with the broad blue riband of the Danish Family Order across the front of her white satin gown, the Queen of Denmark wore far fewer jewels than Queen Alexandra. She was the tallest person in the box, and her arms, even for a tall woman, are preternaturally long, their length accentuated by the funny little puffed sleeves and short white gloves she wore. She seemed pleased and happy and gratified, and looked a good deal older than her husband, King Frederick, who wore the Riband of the Garter across his scarlet uniform.

* * *

The House

Immediately below the Royal box were the Indian officers and princes, gorgeous in uniforms of indescribable magnificence. On one side the Corps Diplomatique were seated, and on the other a row of some of the highest ladies in the land. In the centre sat Lady Londonderry, her huge, upstanding diamond crown and enormous necklace making her the most noticeable woman in the house. On her right was Lady Crewe in a very delicately made crown, and on her left the Marchioness of Lansdowne, sweet and gentle, and also in a lightly poised tiara. The Duchess of Norfolk's jewels were not particularly noticeable; but the Duchess of Devonshire, seated next to her, literally blazed with diamonds. Her low-cut white gown was completely hidden by them, and on her head she wore her famous heavy diamond "fender." Of the people in the auditorium it is almost impossible to particularise. All the usual Opera set seemed to be present; the whole floor space was one dazzling blaze of light and colour. There was, of course, no applause, the audience being far too distinguished for any such display of vulgar emotion. Many of them however were not apparently distinguished enough to know that it is unusual to get up and rush away before the end, when the King and Queen and their guests are still seated. Queen Alexandra, I noticed, raised her glasses with surprise when she saw it done, and the occupants of the boxes stared aghast. But after a few dozen had disturbed the whole house, a Beefeater was stationed half way down the middle aisle to prevent any more of such unseemly behaviour, and complete quiet reigned until the end of the scene.

An Irish Peeress

Photo *Thomson*

Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard

The daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, the Liberal Member for Argyllshire. She married Viscount Massereene in 1905, and is well known as a sportswoman. Viscount Massereene is a grandson of Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist, and owns two beautiful seats in Ireland

Mr. Pierpont Morgan a Convert?

Photo *Thomson*

Count Benckendorff

Russian Ambassador in London, now engaged on negotiating a treaty with Sir Edward Grey—much to the concern of the Socialists in Parliament

The Royal Gold Plate

The Royal Gold Plate, a feature of Windsor house-parties as contrasted with those at Sandringham, went down to Windsor by special train under special guard last week. Much of the gold and silver plate used in the King's household is Georgian—George IV. never tired of collecting it—and large additions to the gold pantry were made at the Diamond Jubilee, when every Principality and Power sent gifts of gold or silver or precious stones. Queen Victoria left all the gold and silver plate to the Crown, and the famous gold punch-bowl, jewelled peacock, and tiger's head, never leave Windsor. Of sporting trophies, the huge Lincoln Gold Cup, won by the King, and the Royal Agricultural Show Cup, won by Queen Victoria three years in succession, are important features.

* * *

The Royal Garden-Party

The King, it seems, is determined to revive in full the former glories of Ascot. The State procession gives pleasure to thousands of people who, though race-goers, are not of the classes which "enclose" themselves. Their Majesties' garden-party, especially under a Liberal Government, is also rather a democratic affair. Seven thousand guests have been invited, and though some of them will be in residence for the races at houses in the neighbourhood, the great majority, being not exactly of the Royal Enclosure kind, will come down in special trains from London. A very large official element has been invited—the wives of the Labour Members are up to their eyes already trying to get Saturday's cleaning and baking and tidying done in advance—and for the amusement of the guests, two bands, the Grenadier Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, have been commanded.

* * *

Diplomatic Changes

One is reminded, seeing that the diplomatic representatives of Austria and Portugal are among their Majesties' guests this week at Windsor, of the very great change which has come over affairs diplomatic from a social point of view during the last few years. Formerly, the representative of a foreign Power in London led a far less pleasant social existence than he leads to-day. Then, the one thing an Ambassador had *not* to do was to form ties or make friends in the country to which he was accredited. At the present day, the Ambassadors and Ministers to England are not only allowed, they are actually encouraged, to make friends, and to earn popularity in their allotted spheres.

* * *

The Russian Ambassador

They visit everywhere, they own country houses, they rent shootings in Scotland, they hunt with English packs, they even marry English women. Count Benckendorff, the Ambassador for Russia, to take only one instance, is as popular and as sought after in England as he is trusted and admired in St. Petersburg. Yet Russia was once, diplomatically, the most suspicious of countries, and not so very long ago two distinguished Russian diplomats were recalled for no other reason than that they were too popular in England. Count and Countess Benckendorff are an exceedingly interesting couple. The Count, who owns enormous estates in Russia, is almost as artistically inclined as his wife, who is a friend of the Duchess of Rutland.

* * *

Mr. Morgan's Alleged Conversion

At the age of seventy, men very often do strange things. Alter by one stroke of the pen the whole course of their affairs, undo with a word the deeds of a lifetime. At seventy, the "fair humanities of old religion" appeal as they appeal only in early youth. There may, therefore, be some slight modicum of truth in the very latest thing in American rumours about Mr. Pierpont Morgan. In New York, in ecclesiastical circles, it is averred persistently, and, as yet, without contradiction, that the great financier is

Photo *Mendelssohn*

Mr. Pierpont Morgan

It is rumoured that the great multi-millionaire is about to enter the Catholic Church. The news has created great interest in Church circles, as the advent of a member with such vast wealth means much to the Vatican

International Horse Show Champions

(1) Mr. H. le Marchant driving Chieftain and The Only Way, first in the Over Fifteen and not exceeding Sixteen Hands Class
(2) The First Prize Polo Pony in the Three Years and Over Class: Gown Boy, belonging to the Radnor Polo Pony Company
(3) Mr. Walter Winans driving his four-in-hand, the prizewinners in the Over Fifteen Hands Class
(4) The Champion Riding Horse: Mr. Walter Winans' Beau Ideal
(5) The Champion Donkey, which paraded before the King, driven by his master, "Pearlies," whose clothes are a mass of pearl buttons

The Coaching Competition at Olympia

about to become a Roman Catholic. From Rome itself I hear that, wishing to become a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Mr. Morgan began negotiations with the Vatican, offering ten million francs for the title. The Vatican authorities thought the amount sufficient, not to say generous, but intimated to Mr. Morgan that his Holiness could only confer so high a title of nobility on one of the faithful. Mr. Morgan is, therefore, if report be true, now endeavouring to come to a decision in the matter. His relations with the Vatican are friendly in the extreme, and as a reward for returning thereto the famous cope of Pope Nicholas IV., which was stolen from the Cathedral of Ascoli, the Pope has ordered that the financier's name be embroidered on its sacred folds.

* * *

Horse Show Week

Horse Show week is over, but the good, for once, is not interred with its bones. At Richmond and at Olympia quiet reigns where, last week, history was made. The horse, we insular English liked to think, was a pre-eminently British product. The Horse Show at Olympia, a combination in itself of the interests of all the horse-breeding nations of the world, has proved that other countries too can do passing well in this direction. Only *we* have come out top, and it is rather nice, even though we knew it, of course, all the time, to have the fact made known to all the world. And the Horse Show at Olympia last week was but the beginning of things. Arising from it there is to be a permanent International organisation, in which Canada, the States, and Europe, including even Turkey, Russia, and Arabia, will take part.

* * *

Coaching

On the last day the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box to watch the meet of the Coaching Club. Fourteen coaches, loaded with gaily-dressed ladies and keenly interested men, turned into the well-arranged arena. Lord Desborough, the president, Sir Edward Stern, Sir Lindsay Hogg, Captain Quintin Dick, and Mr. S. Hope Morley, were among those who tooled their own coaches. Some splendid driving was seen, and it was no easy matter driving eight four-in-hands at full road speed in the small space at disposal. The Princess of Wales was full of enthusiasm, and the Prince watched every movement with the keenest interest. Some little disappointment was felt by the public that they were not allowed a fuller inspection of the whole of these fine teams and well-appointed drags. The arrangements for the visit and judging were made by a small committee of the club in conjunction with the managers of the Show, and these gentlemen decided that only a certain number of the coaches should be kept in the ring for examination by the judges. On what principle the selection was made the committee alone know, as, in the general estimation, two at least of those who immediately left the ring, after putting down their passengers, were worthy of being shown in almost any four-in-hand class that has appeared at Olympia.

Olympia Horse Show: The Coaching Competition for the Gold Cup

The contest was an interesting feature of the closing day. There were eight coaches competing, and the Gold Cup for the best-horsed, the best-turned-out, and best-driven coach was awarded by the Prince of Wales to Mr. Budgett's team of bays. Mr. Colston and Sir Lindsay Hogg were next in order

Show Week: Winners at Richmond

Judging the Harness Horses: The winner, Mr. Burnell Tubb's Gongelt, driven by his little daughter, is on the right

Two of the Judges: Prince Francis of Teck (in centre) and Mr. Romer Williams

Mr. Vanderbilt driving Youngster, the winner in the Park Turnout Single Harness Class

Photos] Mr. John Jones driving his Cherry Bay, winner in the Single Harness Class, 15 hands and over [*Topical*

The second great Horse Show held in the course of last week, the Richmond Show did not suffer in the matter of attendance, although the weather was of anything but a favourable nature on the second day. Many of the Olympia winners were again to be seen, though the Continental competitors at the former Show were absent. In one or two cases the honours awarded at the International Show were reversed, notably in the Trotting Class, when Mr. Walter Winans' Little Tobe and Kent were beaten by Mr. Frank Howard's Blue Bell

A Warrior in the Van

The Duke of Cambridge Memorial

Fortunately for future generations, King Edward has not inherited even slightly from his august mother that passion for modern and discreetly draped statuary which caused her late Majesty positively to pepper the country with uninteresting and generally inartistic statues, chiefly of the Prince Consort. The King, though he found time amidst all the multitudinous duties of last week to unveil the statue of the Duke of Cambridge at the War Office on Saturday, is well known to take little or no interest in monuments of this description. He is not, however, so bored with them as to be unable to detect errors. Last year, he unveiled a similar memorial to the former Commander-in-Chief in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. Having done so, he himself inspected it, and immediately pointed out several mistakes in the inscription. One would have thought one blunder of this kind would have been sufficient. But no! A few weeks ago, a daily paper, referring to the unveiling, expressed the hope that this latest statue, at any rate, would be free from errors. The comment prompted someone to inspect the memorial. And sure enough, another mistake was found there. "Born 1819—died 1903," ran the inscription. The Duke died in March, 1904.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Statue of a Warrior (in the van)

Sculpture's version of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge leaving the foundry at Thames Ditton. As will be noted, it is an imposing and majestic image of the veteran Commander-in-Chief. One of the greatest attractions of the statue is the mistake in the inscription, which gives the year of the late Duke's death as 1903 instead of 1904

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The Queen's Fête

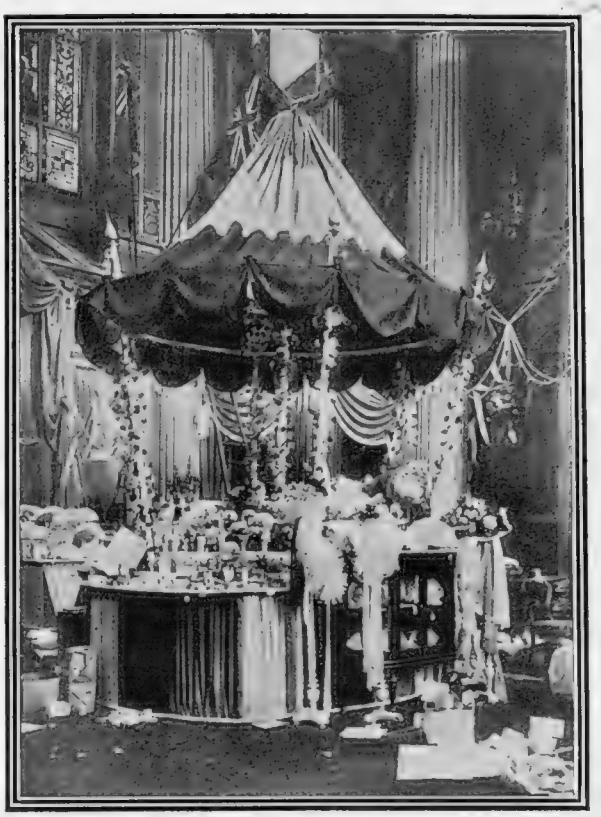
The Queen's Fête in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund is, as it were, a *fête accomplie*. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, graciously performed the opening ceremony on Thursday afternoon, and received from the hands of many small children, headed by a small girl on crutches, "purses" containing substantial amounts for the Charity. The Queen was looking sweet in a deep shade of violet, and allowed Mr. B. Kronstrand, who was busy all the afternoon doing his wonderful lightning drawings, to make a charming

Photo] **The car which was sold for the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund** [*Dover Street Studios*

Sir William and Lady Treloar in the six hundred guinea Hills-Martini motor-car presented by Lady Gunter for sale at the Queen's Fête in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund. This generous gift was made in consequence of the tombola having been vetoed by the authorities. The car had to be taken to pieces before it could be set up for view at the Fête, as it was found impossible to get it up the stairs of the Mansion House owing to its size and weight

To Alms! Citizens!

THE QUEEN'S CHARITY FÊTE AT THE MANSION HOUSE



The French Embassy Stall

Specially noticed by the Queen, and patronised by her Majesty, who bought several articles there

The American Embassy Stall

Under the presidency of Mrs. Ronalds, assisted by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Ridgely Carter and a number of unofficial American ladies

Photos *"Graphic" Photo Agency*

H.M. the Queen's Arrival at the Mansion House

Queen Alexandra's interest and sympathy in all that concerns the unfortunate among her subjects were strikingly evidenced by her active help in the Fête held last week at the Mansion House in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund, which she opened on Thursday last, and at which many titled ladies had stalls. On Friday and Saturday the opening ceremony was performed by the French and the American Ambassadors respectively, and on each day the Fête was crowded with visitors, much to the benefit of Sir William Treloar's Fund

Three Midsummer Brides

Photo *Bacon*

Miss Saltmarshe

To marry Lord Deramore on the 26th

sketch of her. The chance of spending one's money in a sporting way by a harmless gamble in the form of a "Tombola," all prizes and no blanks, was knocked on the head by the powers that be. Among the promised prizes was a six hundred guinea Hills-Martini motor, which Lady Gunter presented to the Lord Mayor, to be sold to the highest bidder. Very nice, but not the same as winning it for ten shillings, as all who had taken their tickets hoped to do. So many beautiful saleswomen, clad in *such* dresses and *such* hats, were positively bewildering; and the reposeful manner of Princess Elizabeth of Bentheim-Steinfurt at the Duchess of Albany's stall soothed spectators as she sold a quantity of Whitefriars glass to would-be buyers who were losing their heads, and did not know *what* they wanted. Mr. Graham Browne and Mr. Edward Terry (who was wearing a huge Malmaison carnation, stuck under his chin by a fair damsel) were responsible for a *free* theatrical entertainment, and programmes thrown in, given by well-known artists; but a gaily decked tambourine, held by a sweet-faced lady at the door, collected any little contributions as the audience passed out, just to remind them they were still being amused in the cause of "Charity." Among the sights on the way out (no extra charge) was a policeman, 7 ft. high, standing so still and immovable that he looked like a Mme. Tussaud's figure; and a fire-engine tearing past reminded one that the world was jogging on as usual outside this wonderful old Mansion House.

* * *

A Slack Marriage Market—

Marrying and giving in marriage seems this season to be almost

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Miss Leathem

To marry the Hon. R. L. Pomeroy, the second son of Viscount Harberton

entirely out of the movement. No great Society wedding has taken place. No important engagement, such as the Graham-Hamilton alliance of last year, has been announced. Yet not for a long time have so many eligible young men been on the market. Mothers of daughters must try harder. America has snatched yet another prize from their hands in the person of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Roxburghe. Ascot, the beginning of the end, is with us. Soon it will be Goodwood and Cowes, and the knell of another season's chances will be sounded.

But Encouragement Elsewhere

Two peers already this season have entered, or are about to enter the wedded state for a second time. Lord Downshire, who married, a few weeks ago, Miss Evelyn Foster, was formerly married to the lady who is now Mrs. Laycock; and Lord Deramore, whose marriage to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe takes place next week, was first married to Miss Lucy Fife, of Lee Hall, Northamptonshire, who died six years ago.

* * *

Back to the Conquest

The future Lady Deramore, who is the daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, Yorks, will, when she marries, take up at once and the same time the duties of stepmother and wife. Lord Deramore's little daughter, the Hon. Moira Faith de Yarburgh-Bateson, was the only child of his first marriage, and is nearly ten years old. The Yarburghs, to which family Lord Deramore's mother belonged, are a very ancient race, and can trace an authenticated male succession from the time of the Norman Conquest.

Photo *Stéphanie Maud*

Miss Muriel Tryon

The only child of Captain and Mrs. Henry Tryon, of Devizes, who is to marry Mr. Ronald L. Charteris, son of the late Captain R. N. and Lady Louisa Charteris

Pantomime at Ranelagh

THE "HUMOROUS" BOXING MATCH IN THE MILITARY SPORTS

A Boxing Match: The arm of the law thinks he will intervene

A Tug-of-War: The intervening policeman used as a rope

Though Saturday's military sports at Ranelagh were carried out under peculiarly vile weather conditions, the various features, such as the march past, Cossack riding, mounted vaulting, tent-pegging, etc., etc., were conscientiously executed, to the moderate enthusiasm of an unexpectedly large number of spectators. The above farcical interlude in one of the boxing matches served to provide mild mirth for the damp and depressed occupants of the seats

Polo Facts and Forecasts

Polo at Its Best

If you want to see polo players at their keenest and the fascinating game at its best, you will find no better opportunity than in the tournament for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham this week. I cannot remember a better entry all round, or one promising such finely contested ties. The one unfortunate feature of the tournament has been the inability of Captain E. D. Miller to turn out for Rugby, whose Champion Cup record is unexcelled among modern polo teams. Lord Shrewsbury, though not in his best form this season, is still extraordinarily keen for a man of forty-seven. Nor has Mr. George Miller retained that vigour and dash for which he was noted a few years back.

* * *

Will the "Dark Horses" Win?

The "dark horses" of the tournament are the Woodpeckers. Every man is a Recent Former. And every one a rare tryer, certain to be as keen and as dangerous to the opposition at the end of a hard-fought game as at the beginning. Aubrey Hastings is a regular demon at No. 1—the hardest hitter for his size that I know. Bertie Wilson at No. 2 is a little erratic, but how brilliant when his eye is in! Then at No. 3 the Woodpeckers have that notable Army player, Mr. M. L. Lakin, whose grand work for the 11th Hussars sent the crowd into a frenzy of excitement at the Inter-Regimental Final last year. The team is completed by Captain Hardress Lloyd, undoubtedly one of the steadiest and best backs in the Kingdom. And I think it will be generally agreed that, on paper, the players give you the impression of immense force. But can they combine well enough to win the Champion Cup? That is what the Old Cantabs are going to find out in the final on Saturday.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar

Photographed after attending their Majesties' Court on June 6. He is a great polo player, and his team won the Open Cup at the Delhi Durbar. His troops, half a century ago, took part in the Relief of Lucknow

* * *

A Superb Player from India

We have heard so much of the Maharajah of Alwar's superb polo in India, where he is quite the finest of all native players, that his appearance in the Champion Cup has been awaited with vast interest. But I am afraid the team in which our distinguished visitor finds himself is not destined to carry off the championship, however grandly he himself may play. The Duke of Westminster and Major Hobson are not quite strong enough for the defences opposed to them in this great tournament, but they will probably have vanquished the Tigers. At the last moment I hear that it is by no means certain that the Maharajah will turn out. By the way, Major Hobson's team was to have been called the Magpies, but on the night of the draw a formal objection against the use of that title was made by the captain of the regular Magpies. So the necessity arose to find a new name. What should it be? Nobody was seized with an inspiration, until, at last, one ingenious soul bethought him of the fact that the colours of the team are black and white. What more natural, therefore, than to christen the black-and-whites the "Buchanans"? And so they are known.

* * *

What of the Old Cantabs?

I wonder whether the Old Cantabs will justify their favouritism? Certainly Messrs. Buckmaster and Freake are an enormous power in the centre, but isn't the team a little weak at the ends? Mr. Bell has played one or two fine games this season, and Lord Wodehouse is improving. But there may be a different story now that they come to tournament polo. The youngsters may lose their heads in the most strenuous moments. Roehampton, their opponents in the first round, are very strong all round save at No. 1. The brothers Nickalls are playing their usual forceful, dashing game this season, but even with Mr. Garland's beautiful stud to draw upon they are rather short of first-class ponies. Ranelagh are represented by a well-balanced team. What joy will reign at Barn Elms if this combination wins the Cup; but I am afraid it is an off-chance, and they will have a big handful in Mr. Grenfell's team in the first round.

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Mr. Grenfell's Good Team

If there is to be a surprise in this tournament, I believe it will be brought about by the Grenfells. The twin brothers—I defy you to tell t'other from which—are assisted by the Duke of Roxburghe and Captain L. C. D. Jenner. There is no denying the excellence of this combination, and if they meet the Woodpeckers on Thursday, the tie should be one of the best of the week. I expect the Woodpeckers will win the Cup outright, but this is by no means the general opinion at the polo clubs. All of which goes to prove the unusual interest and strength of the tournament. Given fine weather, the fight for the Championship of Polo will be worthy of the best traditions of Hurlingham.

A. W. C.

Polo at Aldershot

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE BY "SNAFFLES"

Players in the Command

There are so many polo players in the Command that it is no matter for wonder that the Aldershot Polo Club is in a very flourishing condition. This purely military organisation, in the honorary secretaryship of which Captain R. E. Cecil, 21st Lancers, has this year succeeded Major R. Browne Clayton, is the largest Service club in the country, and has two full-sized boarded grounds on the Queen's Parade, one a very fine one, equal to any polo ground in England. The season was to have started at Aldershot in the middle of April, but the heavy rains greatly delayed the opening, and it was not until the latter part of May that match play was possible. Polo is well regulated at Aldershot, there being four games, viz. (1) the 5th Lancers, managed by Major Browne Clayton, who, before the war, used to be the Secretary of the South African Polo Association; (2) the 16th Lancers, managed by Captain G. E. Bellville, a brother of those well-known players, Messrs. F. and J. Bellville; (3) the 21st Lancers, managed by Mr. D. W. Godfree; and (4) the Brigade of Guards, managed by Captain F. Hardy. The two new cavalry regiments at Aldershot this year—the 16th and the 21st Lancers—are both well-known in polo circles, and have many players, including their respective Commanding Officers, Colonel Gough, who is a very good player, and Colonel Paul Kenna, V.C., a dashing forward, who used to be a very successful steeplechaser in India. L. V. L. S.

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DALY'S THEATRE

"The Merry Widow"

Mr. George Edwardes plays for high stakes. When he backs the wrong horse (I speak metaphorically) he is a heavy loser. He never hedges. It is win or lose with him. At times he is slightly irritated when luck goes against him. On these occasions he asks sympathy from the public for the expenses he is put to and the salaries demanded by star comedians. He hints lovingly and longingly, too, at the twelve-and-sixpenny stall. But these are mere trifling and passing ebullitions of feeling. On the whole, he is a good loser. So when he wins all London and the provinces rejoice. It never rains but it pours. Hard upon the heels of *The Girls of Gottenberg*, one of the best Gaiety shows in recent years, follows another great success, *The Merry Widow*. With the new Daly opera it is a case of the composer, Franz Lehar first, and the rest nowhere. And now, if you please, we will drop the metaphors of the Turf.

Photo *Rita Martin*

A Rising Young Actor?

Mr. Fred Wright, Sen., and his grandson. Mr. Wright, who is the oldest actor engaged in active work (he is now at the Adelphi with Mr. Martin Harvey's Company), is the father of Huntley, Fred, Bertie, Haidée, and Marie Wright. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the promising young gentleman seen in the photograph will also grace the boards upon which his relations have won much renown

The Score's the Thing

I wish I could pay a scholar's tribute to the excellence of the score. In default of the ability to express myself in musical terms, I can only say that the score tickles the emotions of the average man with a good ear. There is fire and feeling in the love passages; there are recitatives which really express the sentiments of the non-singing hero, Prince Danilo; there is a military march which would make a Jingo of a Labour Member; finally, there is a waltz measure to a dance of temptation, alluring, haunting, and tinged with just such a strain of sensuousness as appeals to the English people, which is passionate despite, or, perhaps, because of, the climate. The score's the thing in the opinion of any man musician enough to discriminate between the good and the meretricious. The libretto is concerned with intrigues which are complicated and not very interesting. It contains, however, scenes which call for greater powers of acting than are usually demanded from the cast of a comic opera. Of such scenes the best fall to Mr. Joseph Coyne and Miss Lily Elsie, the non-singing hero and his old love, the "Merry Widow." These two are very much in love. Whenever they are together, the desire of each to cast aside feelings of pique, "to kiss and be friends again," is almost irresistible. They hover upon the borders of a "make-up," as children say. There is but one method of playing such scenes—to steer the difficult course between the humorous and the pathetic. Too much bias towards either side and the scene is ruined. Mr. Coyne and Miss Elsie came through the ordeal with flying colours. In the spirit of true comedy they juggled with the situation, evoking now sighs, now smiles, and never too many of either. Mr. Coyne, a comedian of somewhat eccentric proclivities, was forced to be rather more serious than is his wont; Miss Elsie to supply a light acting side to a dramatic singing rôle. They met on common ground and shared a triumph.

A Wealth of Comedians

Too many cooks may spoil a broth, but it does not necessarily follow that too many comedians spoil the fun of an entertainment. Mr. Coyne, Mr. Pawle, Mr. Berry, Mr. Graves, Mr. Kaye—five comedians in one cast! It speaks well for them and for the producer that these five mirth-provoking gentlemen never got in each other's way.

Mr. Graves was in his best form—rich in his humour, and with a distinctly funny and quite Gravian make-up—high, bald forehead, carefully brushed sparse locks, drooping moustachios, and a purple-mottled face.

Mr. Lennox Pawle had so little to do that his demeanour was one of deprecating apology for being present upon the scene at all.

Mr. Berry and Mr. Graves employed funny mannerisms which have done duty before, but we are by no means tired of them.

Mr. Evett and Miss Nina Sevening sang delightfully. The authors (or the adapters) might have written in the sub-plot in which they are concerned with rather more skill.

The Latest Success at Daly's

SKETCHES OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

ADELPHI THEATRE

"Great Possessions"

In spite of the brief reference to him in the New Testament, the rich young man who "went away sorrowful" seizes hold upon the imagination. For many years the censor has stood between the aspiring dramatist and the rich dramatic field of the Scriptures. The notion, and a very right notion, existed that the Scriptures must never be exposed to the shafts of levity or irreverence. Karl Rössler's play, if it does nothing else, proves that a play based on a biblical incident may be written and acted in such a manner as to give offence to no one. Beyond allaying a fear which, though not often actually expressed, has been felt by many people, *Great Possessions* is not of much account. The author, Karl Rössler, has departed from the plainly expressed meaning of his scenario. His hero, so far from turning away sorrowful, is inclined by temperament to cast aside the burden of his riches and to embrace the doctrines which set the poor in such a strange light. The young man of the play, Nathaniel, is not the young man of the Scriptures. The curse of riches is exemplified, not in his case, but in that of his father, the rich Asarja. Hated by the poor, who know that he has practised the detested crime of usury, Asarja pays dearly for his sins. He is struck down by the brother he has robbed. Later he learns that his wife has been unfaithful, and that Nathaniel is not his son. Chilled and disgusted by his avarice, Asarja's wife had turned to the warm loving and pagan nature of the Greek Spintharos. These are materials for a play, but they are not germane to the incident which the author has chosen. Nathaniel becomes a secondary figure. He is a poor-spirited creature at all times. Mr. Martin Harvey accentuates the melancholy and retiring nature of the character by playing it with measured voice and a dejected manner.

The opening of the play promises more than the subsequent acts fulfil. We are always expecting a fierce dramatic struggle between the love of wealth and the desire to follow in the footsteps of the new Master. This struggle never takes place. True, a woman, Ruth, the widow of Nathaniel's brother, is introduced to represent the World against the Word, but the situation is robbed of all dramatic value by the character of Nathaniel. He is such a mean-spirited creature that we lose interest in his doings.

E. C. S.

PALACE THEATRE

The Palace is, undoubtedly, a model music-hall, and provincial managers desirous of raising the social status of their halls, and thereby catering for better-class people, would, I am sure, get great assistance from a visit. On the night of my visit it was an old-timer who showed the way to the top of the bill, Mr. R. G. Knowles, fresh from his trip round the world, of which he told us many stories. His second song, "Every little bit added to a little bit makes a little bit more," quite captivated the audience, and is certain to be a success. Miss Evie Greene, who was well received, sang very sweetly. The Great Goldin performed many marvellous tricks, some with a lady assistant, who disappeared at will.

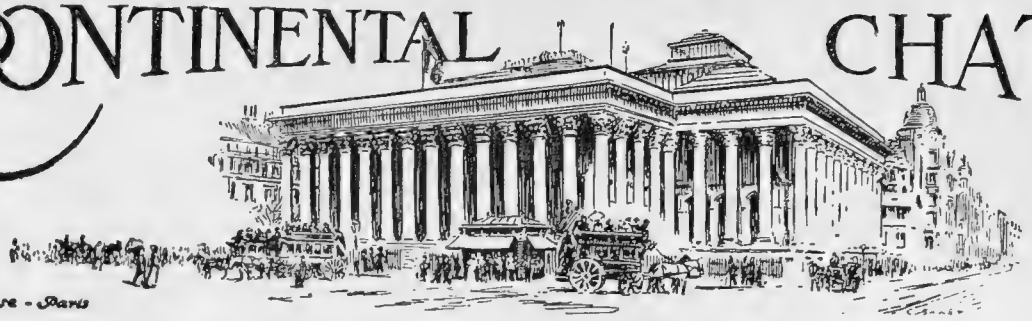
T. C. F.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The Marriage of Miss Kitty Loftus to Mr. Warren Smith at Thundersley Church, Essex

At this pretty country wedding, the bride was given away by Mr. E. F. Benson, in whose company she, like so many other players who have afterwards achieved distinction, enjoyed the early benefits of all-round training in Shakespeare and old comedy. Mr. Warren Smith is the son of the well-known chairman of the Argyl Motor Company. Both he and his bride are ardent golfers

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Imperial Marriages at Yildiz

The Sultan of Turkey is arranging marriages for three of his daughters—Chalié, Aiché, and Réfia, who are respectively eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years old. One of them, it is said, is to become the wife of Prince Mahomed-Ali, brother of the Khedive of Egypt; but this seems hardly credible. Were it the case, the Sultan would be obliged to renounce his parental rights, and allow his daughter to come under British jurisdiction, and to this he would certainly never give his consent. He is terrified, too, that all the mysteries of his harem may be revealed, and arouse indignation. Egyptian ladies are allowed a great deal more liberty than Turks: they travel without Imperial permission, their sphere is wider, and to all these concessions the Sultan strongly objects. His second and favourite daughter, Naimé, a cultured, intellectual, and fascinating woman, the most charming of all the Imperial Princesses, was married to Kemaleddin Pasha, son of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. But after suffering as few mortals are called upon to suffer, the marriage was annulled.

Besides a palace, a hundred slaves, rich embroideries, and jewels, the Sultan is only giving the brides £50,000 (Turkish money)—a third of his usual dowry. He prefers to keep his daughters in reserve as compulsory wives for various Court officials who may be entitled to honours—or otherwise—at his hands.

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A Future Queen of Portugal

The present unsettled state of affairs in Portugal lends interest to the latest rumour as to the engagement of Princess Beatrice of Coburg. The Crown Prince of Portugal, it is said in Berlin, is to marry the young lady; but as the chief ground for the rumour seems to lie in the fact that the Duchess of Coburg, her mother, has lately had private audience with the Pope, the announcement should be taken *cum grano salis*. The Crown Prince, who, by the way, is now making a tour of the Portuguese colonies in East and West Africa, is just twenty, and of course, a Catholic Princess Beatrice is twenty-three, and a Protestant. The Pope's consent in the matter would, therefore, be required should the rumour become fact. Princess Beatrice is a particularly lively young lady. Her relations in England, especially Princess Henry of Battenberg, are very fond of her, though the Coburg element does not entirely approve.

Photo supplied by *P.P.A.*

H.R.H. Princess Beatrice of Coburg

Reported to be about to marry the Crown Prince of Portugal. She is a niece of King Edward, and is popular and lively. The marriage, of course, would involve her conversion to Rome

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The Monument to the Late Empress Elisabeth

Vienna was, the other morning, in holiday attire, gay with flags and Venetian masts, and the people thronged the streets to greet their aged Emperor as he drove to the Volksgarten to unveil the monument to the late Empress Elisabeth. To the chief actor in the day's proceedings the event must have awakened painful memories of the crowning tragedy in a life which has known many sorrows, but to the light-hearted Viennese the occasion was one for jubilation, and they cheered the Emperor to the echo. Hundreds of girls dressed in white, thousands of schoolboys in military costume, deputations from the Crown lands and the chief towns of the Empire—all these and many more took part in the ceremony, which was also attended by the Diplomatic Body, high officials, both civil and military, and the leaders in the worlds of art, science, and commerce. On the arrival of the Emperor, the President of the Monument Committee made a formal speech, begging his Majesty's acceptance of the monument which the people of Austria had erected to their dearly beloved Empress. The Emperor spoke a few simple words of thanks in reply, gave the signal for unveiling, and the beautiful marble statue of the Empress Elisabeth was revealed to view, while girls strewed roses in front of the monument, and the Vienna Singing Club sang a festal hymn. The Emperor then approached the statue, and, trampling the roses underfoot, examined it attentively for several minutes. A few minutes later, the lonely old Monarch was on his way back to his Palace at Schönbrunn.

The aged Emperor also celebrates this week the fortieth anniversary of his Coronation as Apostolic King of Hungary, an event which is of more than national importance. The whole kingdom has been *en fête*, Mass was celebrated everywhere, and loyal Hungarians have returned thanks for the peaceful reign of the King of their choice. With the example of Servia ever before them, how delighted they must now be that Fate ordained that a foreign dynasty should rule them. Never has Hungary been so prosperous. Finance, railways, art, education, and social reforms have all steadily advanced, and for some time the people have been wondering how best they can show the aged Monarch their gratitude. When the matter was put before the King, he replied, "Something that will tend towards the welfare of my people—the founding of a hospital, or a church in preference."

* * *

Some Forthcoming Revelations

In spite of his eighty years, in spite of the bitter agony he has been forced to endure, the Emperor of Austria still believes himself the incarnation of the Divine Will. The Emperor is a miracle of fortitude, considering that many of the Sovereigns of his ill-fated race have fled before visions and fears that seemed at times to make the very blood curdle in their veins. The Emperor, it appears, is very much upset at the thought that Princess Stéphanie's Memoirs are shortly to appear. These will naturally create a great sensation, and at last we shall hear the truth of the terrible tragedy of Mayerling, which the Emperor would have preferred to have kept in darkness. All his life has been one terrible struggle to uphold the laws and traditions of the House of Hapsburg; for them he determined to sacrifice everything, and to-day circumstances seemed to have combined to take their revenge. Francis Joseph still reserves for himself the right of arranging the marriages of his family; and yet, within the last twenty years, how many times have his Royal wishes been frustrated, his Royal pride wounded! When his favourite grandchild, Princess Elisabeth, daughter of the Archduke Rudolf and Princess Stéphanie, married Otto de Windischgraetz, the blow nearly killed him. Yet, for the sake of his beloved Rudolf, all has been forgiven. By the way, it is announced that the Pope has consented to allow the Princess to recover possession of the Island of Lacroma, which was left to her by her father's will, and which was presented by the Emperor to the Dominicans of Ragusa. The Princess was given £100,000 as a compensation.

* * *

An Enchanted Island

It was only after her marriage that the Princess heard the contents of her father's testament, and she has left no stone unturned to recover her lost inheritance. Naturally, she does not intend to return the compensation! Enchanted with the wild charms of the island, Prince Rudolf made, quite by chance, the acquaintance of Lacroma, and purchased it almost immediately. He had towers and bastions added to the Abbey, and was careful that the marvellous cloistered courts and magnificent ruins of the Benedictine Church should remain untouched. Princess Elisabeth is graciously allowing foreigners to visit her lovely island home.

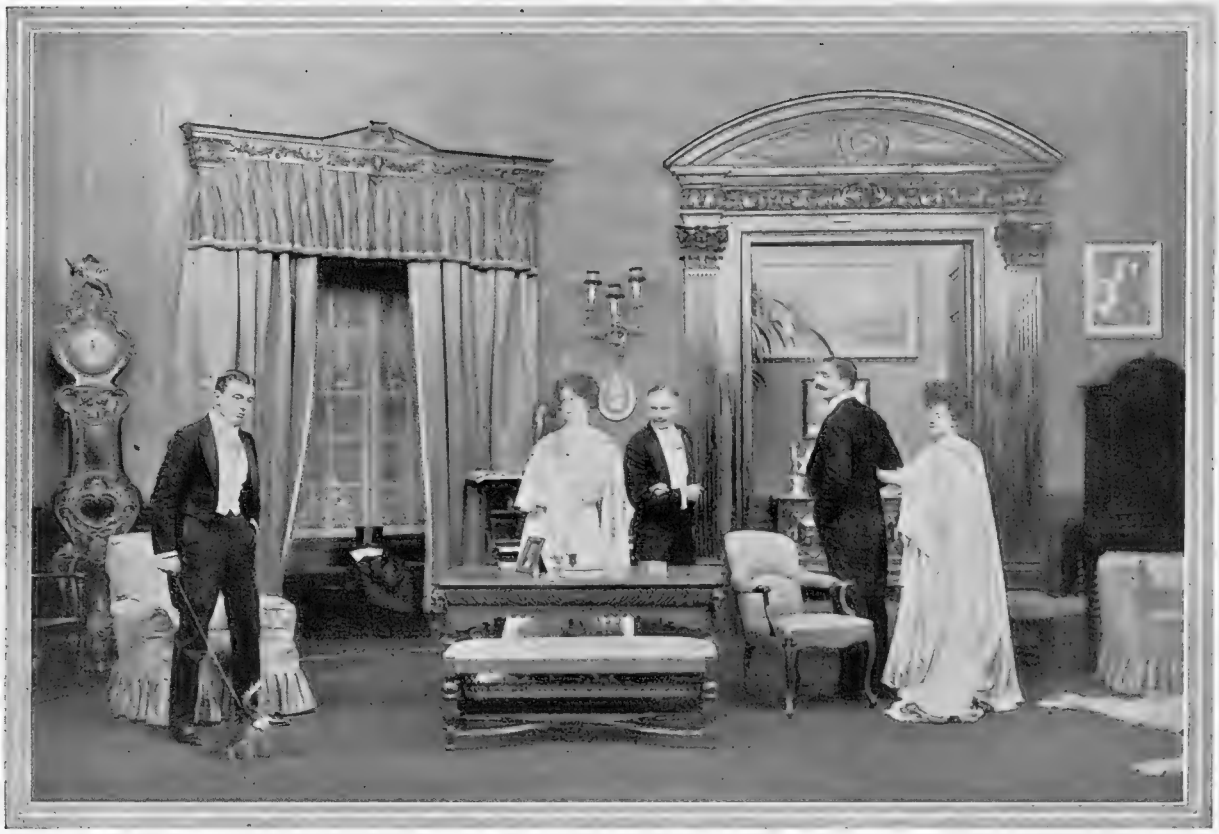
Recently Unveiled by the Emperor of Austria: The monument to the late Empress Elisabeth in the Volksgarten, Vienna

The ceremony was attended by much pomp, and the streets were thronged with cheering crowds as the aged Emperor passed. The monument is a beautiful one, and was erected at the national expense as a tribute to the memory of the lady whose death took place about nine years ago under such revolting circumstances

Photo] [*Dover Street Studios*

TRIXIE EVERSLEIGH (*Miss Marie Löhr*): "Gerald, I want to stay"
GERALD EVERSLEIGH (*Mr. Aubrey Smith*): "For always?"
TRIXIE: "Yes—always"

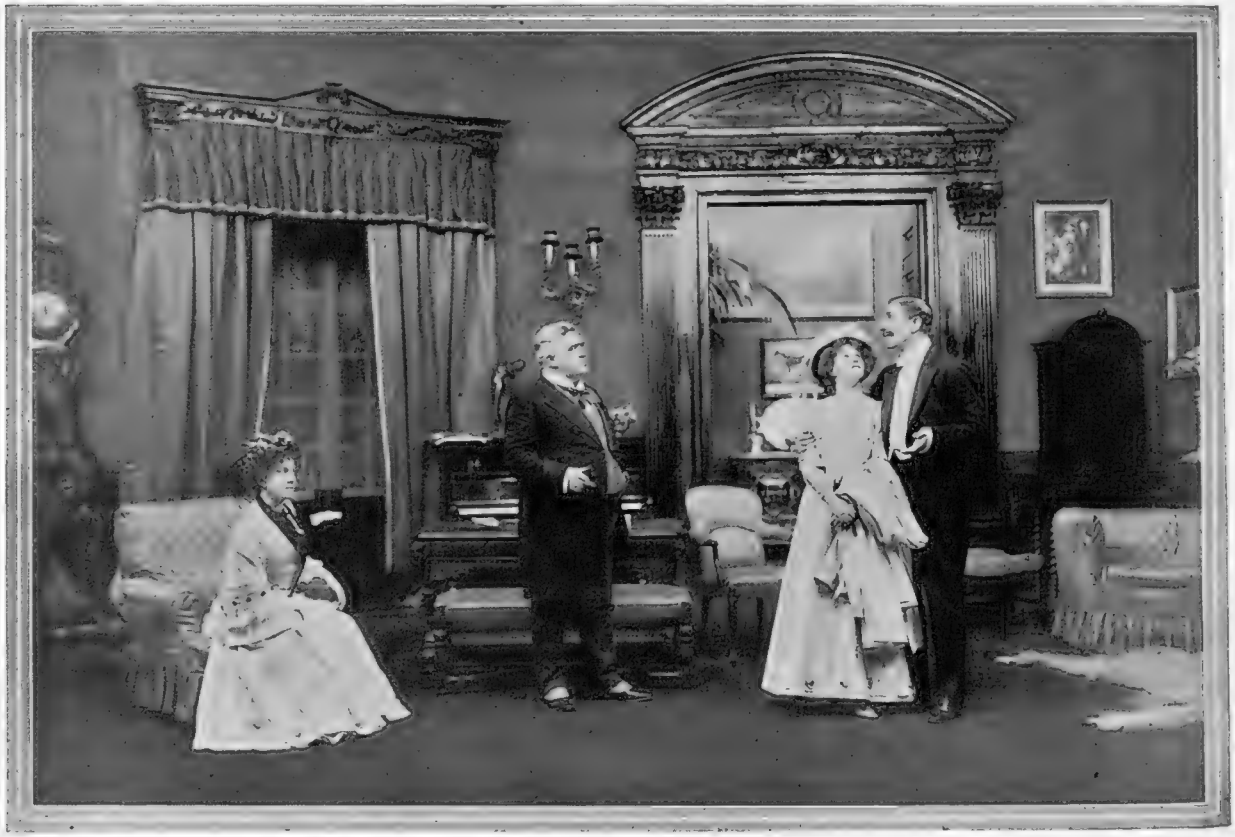
For purely financial reasons, Gerald Eversleigh marries his pretty young ward, Trixie. He and his wife-in-name, after many vicissitudes, end as the experienced playgoer might foretell, by falling in love with each other



Mr. A. E. Matthews (*"Gibby"*) **Miss Gordon Walker** (*Mrs. Durham Lane*) **Mr. Aubrey Smith** (*Gerald Eversleigh*)
Mr. E. W. Tarver (*Captain Fosby*) **Miss Millie Legarde** (*Miriam Hawthorne*)

GERALD: "Gibby, you bring the dog"

The first illustration shows the supper-party in Gerald Eversleigh's flat. Gerald is a gay bachelor, and has no idea of the complications in store for him. "Gibby," a delightfully humorous creation, becomes, in the hands of Mr. A. E. Matthews, of inestimable service to the brightness of the piece. Upon poor Gibby falls the burden of Gerald's troubles. Note the look of injured innocence on Mr. Matthews' face



Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Joy Chetwyn (*Mme. Dupré*) **Mr. Fred Lewis** (*M. Dupré*) **Miss Marie Lohr** (*Trixie*) **Mr. Aubrey Smith** (*Gerald Eversleigh*)

GERALD: "My dear Dupré, I will explain" TRIXIE: "Yes! He'll tell you all about it"

Next we see the incident upon which the story of the play turns. Trixie, in order to gain an inheritance, must marry, and at once. The young man she would like to marry has to go off on a journey, so she prevails upon her guardian, Gerald Eversleigh, to become, *pro tem.*, her husband-in-name. Trixie's parents are astonished, but quite delighted at the notion

"MY WIFE" AT THE HAYMARKET

Mr. Athol Stewart (*M. Valboure*) Miss Marie Löhr (*Trixie*) Mr. Aubrey Smith (*Gerald Eversleigh*)

GERALD: "If you want to catch the post, you had better go with your letters now"

Trixie, the flighty young wife-in-name, makes her husband very wrathful on their make-believe honeymoon. She starts a violent flirtation with an engaging foreigner, the Marquis Valboure. Gerald shows signs of jealousy and the awakening of love for his young wife

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

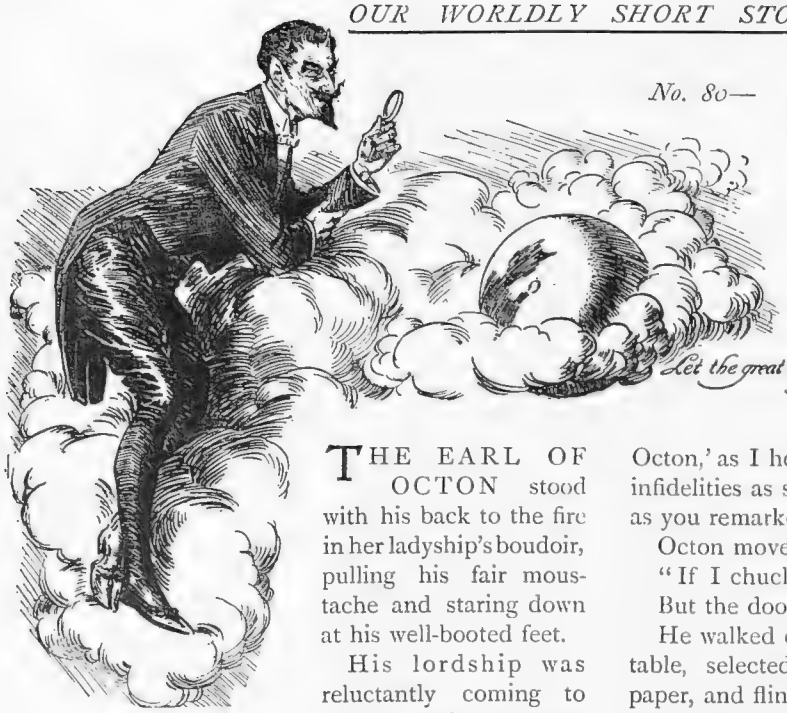
DUPRÉ (*Mr. Lewis*): "But, my daughter, sir!"

GERALD (*Mr. Aubrey Smith*): "I leave you your daughter. Come along, Gibby!"

Trixie's parents arrive on the scene and find the newly married couple quarrelling. The honeymoon ends abruptly. Gerald, in a rage, rushes back to his bachelor life in Town. But the penitent young wife follows, and, of course, there is a happy ending

"MY WIFE" AT THE HAYMARKET

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—Nos. 80 and 81



No. 80—

The Other Lady Octon

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE EARL OF OCTON stood with his back to the fire in her ladyship's boudoir, pulling his fair moustache and staring down at his well-booted feet.

His lordship was reluctantly coming to the conclusion that he loved his wife.

"But think of the disgrace," he muttered, savagely.

Lady Octon toyed with the lace on her teagown.

"Disgrace! My dear Jack! a separation will establish you with the set you have been so assiduously cultivating. A divorce would place you upon a pinnacle. I would enable you to reach that pinnacle, but——" her voice faltered slightly — "but for Muriel."

"I was thinking of you," said Octon, uncomfortably.

There came a bitter smile into the proud, beautiful face.

"Please don't be so unconventional."

"Damn!" growled the Earl, as he turned and stared moodily into the red blaze.

His wife rose and walked across to the window; she pulled aside the curtains and stared down into the dreary square, which a suburban housewife would have scorned but for its aristocratic address.

After a while she turned. Octon was still looking down into the fire. She moved quietly towards the door, and, with her hand on the handle, paused.

"I don't think there is anything more to say; your lawyers will, I presume, draw up the necessary papers?"

Octon swung round. His face was paler than usual, and the black rims round his eyes showed clearer.

"Why take this step, Irene?" he said, hoarsely; "we've got on very well, and——"

"Got on very well!" echoed the woman bitterly, the fingers of her left hand tightly clinched. "Do you think I can stand this life for ever? Do you think I will remain an object of pity and scorn all my life?"

She raised her voice hysterically.

"No, no! you've had your choice between your wife and the wife of the poor little Jew who calls you 'friend.' Go to her now, go to this 'other Lady Octon,' as I heard her called yesterday, but keep your infidelities as secret as possible—there's the disgrace, as you remarked just now."

Octon moved towards her.

"If I chuck——?"

But the door had opened, and then closed sharply.

He walked over to the small Chippendale writing-table, selected a sheet of the delicately perfumed paper, and flinging himself into a chair wrote rapidly, then placing the letter in an envelope, he sealed it, and rang the electric bell.

"Give this to your mistress," he said to the maid. "I believe she has gone to her room. Tell her I shall be back to dinner."

Then, with his brain in a whirl, he donned his overcoat and hat, and walked quickly towards Park Lane.

He preferred to walk.

Walking is conducive to thinking, and the Earl of Octon had to do some hard thinking before he reached the palatial residence of Joel Hagerstein, the millionaire.

. . . . .

Mrs. Hagerstein was in the drawing-room, and would be pleased to see his lordship, he was informed by the powdered footman in the startling livery.

A woman, clad in a loose, flowing, billowy dress, slightly altered her position on the settee and turned an oval face, surmounted by a cloud of almost red-gold hair, towards him as he entered.

"You're a naughty boy, Jack," she cried, playfully, wagging a slim finger at him; "you promised to ride with me this morning."

"Did I?" asked Octon, wearily. He did not seat himself, though the woman made room for him by her side.

Her blue eyes flashed angrily for a moment, then looked troubled.

"What's the matter, old boy?" she asked softly.

"Everything," growled the Earl.

Mrs. Joel Hagerstein rose and placed a soft, delicate arm round his neck.

"Do you want more money, Jack?"

"No."

As though unconsciously, he moved away from her. He was cursing his cowardice.

The woman crossed to a table and began to re-arrange some flowers.

"We've got to chuck it, Mab," cried Octon, after a short silence.

(*Continued on page 618*)

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Compleat Anglers in the Making

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A FISHING STUDY

(Continued from page 616

Some flowers lay scattered on the table, the woman had paled, and her hands were trembling. She pulled herself together with an effort and spoke coldly.

"Is that your delicate way of expressing that we must part?" Octon nodded and kept his eyes averted.

"Then, perhaps, it will not be presumption on my part to ask you the reason for this sudden determination?"

"My wife has asked for a separation. It has come to be a question between giving up my wife or, or——"

"Oh! don't mind speaking bluntly; you were going to say me, I think."

Again the Earl nodded.

"Oh!"

The woman sat down rather heavily; there was a perplexed look on the childish, innocent face, the white forehead was puckered, and the big blue eyes seemed duller.

"I'm more than sorry," muttered Octon uncomfortably; "but it is, I suppose, inevitable. People have talked lately; you have been spoken of as 'the other Lady Octon,' and, and—my wife heard it."

"But she knew before!"

"Yes, but a woman will bear much in secret that she will not bear when it becomes public. Look here, Mabel, I know I'm treating you rottenly. I feel a damned cad, but there is no other course to take. I have made a discovery—I love Irene."

Mrs. Joel Hagerstein rose to her feet, and laughed bitterly.

"I see, at this interesting moment you suddenly find yourself in love with your own wife. It is extraordinary! Why, perhaps one day I may actually fall in love with Joel!"

Then, without warning, her bantering tone changed, her red lips parted, and her bosom heaved.

"Do you think you are going to play with me like this?" she cried, passionately. "I've sacrificed honour, everything, for you; I've even borrowed money from the man we both have wronged to pay your gambling debts; and I'm to be thrown off like an old glove because—because the poor fool who married you has sent in her ultimatum! I think not, my Lord Octon."

Her rage cooled Octon; he had expected, and dreaded, tears.

"Then what do you propose doing?"

The woman was cool again now—the coolness of a rage too great to be expended in a passion.

"I hold your I O U's for something like twenty thousand pounds. Oh, I know it was a matter of form, but I don't think you can deny your signature, and I don't think you can conveniently pay. I shall hand those papers to a money-lender—oh, quite a respectable person—a friend of Joel's; he will undertake the collection. There being nothing left to mortgage, I'm afraid there will be a scandal in the noble family of Octon, after all."

The Earl strode towards her, his eyes blazing.

"You—you——

"Ah, my dear Lord Octon, it is an honour to have you here; we always welcome his lordship, do we not, my dear?"

A portly little man, with an aggressively shiny bald head and black tufty whiskers, had quietly entered the room, in which he seemed so out of place.

His wife merely nodded in answer to his question, and the well-groomed, good-looking nobleman, as he took the hot, flabby hand in his, had a feeling of shame that he had never felt before.

"By the way," continued Joel Hagerstein, standing by the fire (he never attempted to sit down in the drawing-room), "I was going to write you, my lord."

Octon started, the Jew's manner was pleasant, but in his present state of mind he dreaded something he could not quite explain.

"Yes," went on the Jew, "your lordship may remember that I advised you to put a little money into the Ratiffa mines a few months ago, and you were good enough to follow my advice and leave it in my hands. I'm glad to say that the five thousand you put in is now worth fifty, and I should advise you to sell. I have reason to believe," he added, with a wink, "that they will drop sharply in a few days."

Octon muttered his thanks, and said something about instructing his brokers to that effect.

Then there was an awkward pause. Octon tried to catch Mrs. Hagerstein's eye, but she kept her head averted from him.

Murmuring an excuse, he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Lord Octon," said Mrs. Hagerstein, languidly giving him her hand.

The Jew accompanied him to the door that a footman was holding open. "Good-bye, Lord Octon," he said. "I hear you are going on the Continent. Not true? Oh, that's a pity; I think it would be good for your health; I should certainly go." Then, lowering his voice, and with his black eyes fixed on the younger man's pale face, he added: "I don't like scandals; a man in the City has a reputation as well as a nobleman, my lord, but there must be no *other Lady Octon!*"

Then the Earl of Octon found himself in Park Lane.

. . . . .

Society was mildly surprised when they read that the Earl and Countess of Octon had, with their daughter, left for Nice, cancelling all their engagements.

Six months later Mrs. Joel Hagerstein read in the *Times* that an heir had been born to that ancient line.

She leaned back from the breakfast table and laughed—not a nice laugh.

"So that was the reason for the ultimatum," she said softly.

The great financier, who, for a change, was breakfasting with her, looked up from his paper.

"What ultimatum?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing." Then, in a half-defiant tone, "By the way, our friend, Lord Octon, has a son and heir."

"An ultimatum is generally backed by conscious power," said Mr. Hagerstein, gently tapping his egg with the crested silver spoon, "but it is well that interested parties often prevent open hostilities."

Then looking up and finding her husband's eye fixed upon her, Mrs. Joel Hagerstein did an unusual thing—she blushed guiltily.

C. Malcolm Hincks.

Doomed to Destruction?

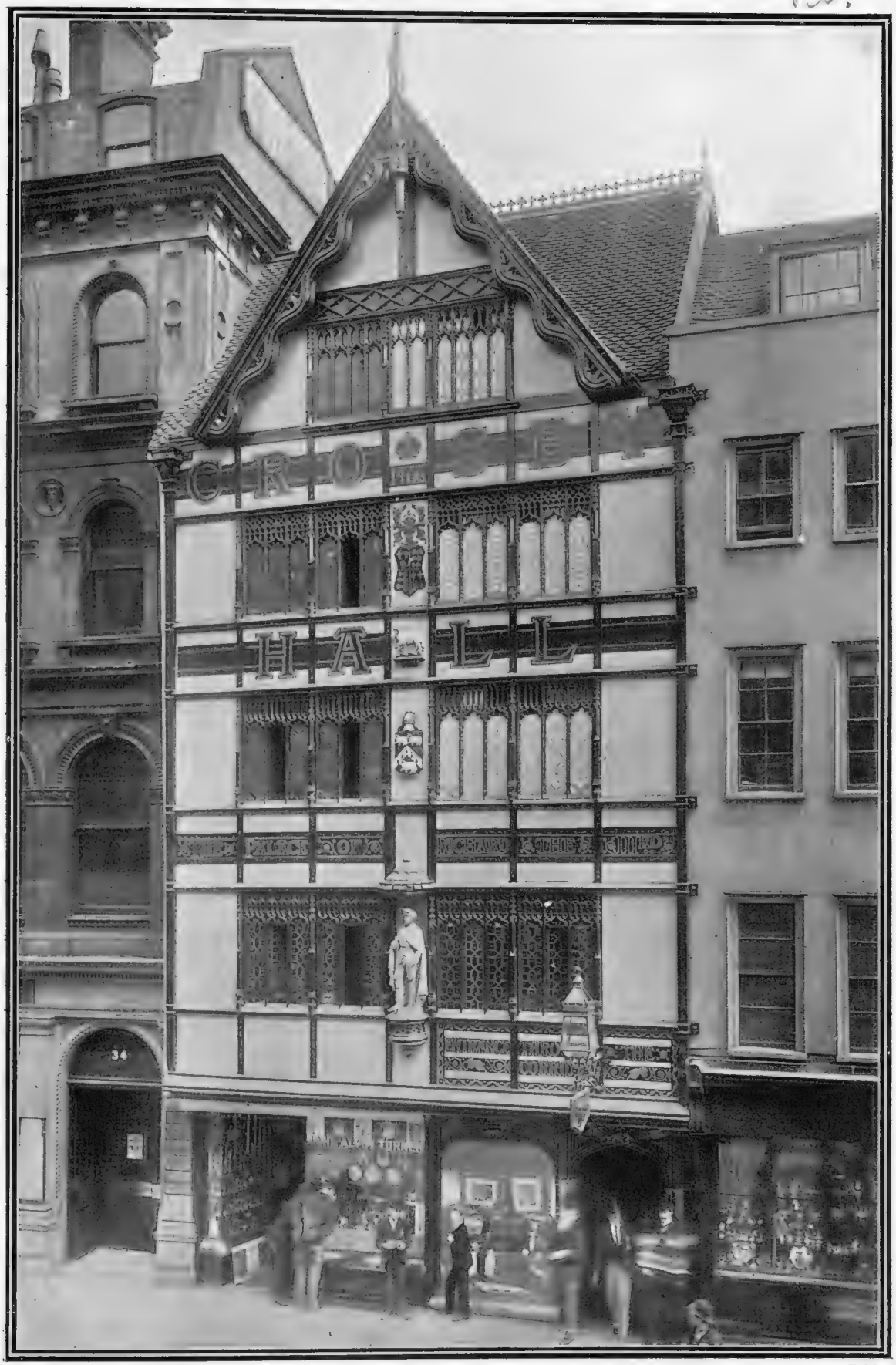

Photo *Frith*

Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street Within, which has just been sold

This historic building is in danger of being demolished, and it is rumoured that a bank may be erected on the site. Crosby Hall was built in 1466, and was afterwards purchased by King Richard III. It has also been the residence of the Lord Mayors of London, and was at one time the home of Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII.'s Lord Chancellor. For many years past it has been used as a City restaurant

WORLDLY SHORT STORY.—No. 81.

The Last Chance

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

Author of "The Wisdom of the Simple," "The Concert-Director," "The Bindweed," etc.

"IT'S so sweet of you to come," Miss Ferringham said. "So—so like you, you know. Dear, dear, when did I see you last? You're looking very well."

Montfort sat down with a sense of relief.

"It's so good of you to take it like this," he returned. "I've come on a graceless errand, I'm afraid."

Miss Ferringham sank back beside the tea-table and bent over the sugar-bowl.

"You've come about Archie?"

"I've certainly come about Archie."

Miss Ferringham selected a lump of sugar with care, and held it poised for a second over a cup.

"You take sugar—still?" she said softly. "Yes? I'm so glad you haven't grown podgy and taken to patent medicines—so many men do. And it spoils one's sentimental recollections, doesn't it? It's absurd, of course, but it's so difficult to feel sentimental about a person who is afraid of eating potatoes, and carries saccharine tablets in his waistcoat pocket."

Montfort accepted his tea-cup—a little doubtfully.

"I eat your bread and salt," he said, with a laugh, "but I come as an enemy."

"You couldn't come as an enemy. I refuse," Miss Ferringham declared, "to consider the remotest possibility of such a thing. You come as a friend—in disguise."

"The disguise," Montfort admitted, rather ruefully, "is a remarkably good one. My dear lady, I refuse to sail under false colours. Write me down the cruel father of melodrama at once, and let's have it over. You know you can't marry him."

Miss Ferringham looked pensively into the depths of her tea cup.

"That's what I tell him."

"Then why," Montfort demanded with reason, "are you engaged to him?"

Miss Ferringham sighed.

"Because he is a very obstinate boy. He reminds me," she added, with a rapt air of reminiscence, "of you."

"Of me?"

"You, too," Miss Ferringham reminded him, "were obstinate—at Archie's age."

"But I gave in—I listened to reason—in the end."

Miss Ferringham's eyebrows rose slightly.

"You're quite sure it was reason you listened to?" she said. "You didn't think so at the time, I remember. Well, well—I suppose we were young and foolish. Perhaps, it *was* reason you listened to, after all."

There was a hint of pathos in her tone, and Montfort felt uncomfortable.

"We couldn't have lived on air. Love and a cottage sound very nice on paper, but they don't go well together in real life."

"Perhaps," Miss Ferringham suggested delicately, "it depends a little upon the sort of love?"

"It depends more on the sort of cottage. How," demanded Montfort ironically, "should I have looked in a cottage?"

Miss Ferringham smiled at her tea-spoon.

"I'm sure you'd have looked very nice under any circumstances," she said politely.

"Thanks! You know perfectly well, Flo," Montfort ended, "that we should have quarrelled in a week."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why refer to these impossible possibilities," she said lightly. "We didn't quarrel—we didn't have the chance. We listened to the voice of reason. We eschewed cottages—and love. I married my manager, and was wretched. You married your cousin, Lady Julia, who——"

She stopped abruptly. Montfort looked up.

"Who ran away with the footman—why don't you go on? It was the only kindness she ever did me, so you really need not mind mentioning it."

"We were neither of us very lucky."

"No," Montfort said curtly.

There was a moment of silence.

"And now about Archie. You expect me to give him up?"

"You can't marry him."

"I don't see what's to prevent it," Miss Ferringham said, with a touch of defiance. "He's of age. Of course, you can make things unpleasant—I realise that. But you can't prevent it. And—when you come to think of it—wouldn't it be better to be friends?"

"Better?"

"For you," said Miss Ferringham, with a spice of malice.

Montfort sat silent. He had a swift, brief vision of Archie as he used to be, before a dramatic passion for the star who had dazzled his father had put a new, unnatural enmity between them—Archie as a little boy in a white suit, with a toy cricket-bat in his hand; Archie, who had always looked upon him as his best friend—until now. And the vision hurt.

He looked quietly across at the beautiful woman sipping her tea with a fine air of unconcern.

"You mean, you can separate us?" he said.

There was a sudden hard sound in his voice. Miss Ferringham had, perhaps, heard it before. She nodded silently.

"I know that. Well, you must do it."

"You mean—if I've the heart," Miss Ferringham said softly.

"It's a question of—heart?" he asked. In the light of his former knowledge of the lady, it hardly seemed possible. "Why, he's a boy," he cried, with momentary exasperation. "He's young enough to be your——"

(Continued on page 622)

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In Desert and Mining Camp

(10s. 6d. *is paid for each photograph of readers in distant spots published in this page*)

(1) In an Egyptian Desert

Showing the construction of a railway across the desert from the Nile Valley to the Oasis of Tharga. This latter spot was in Roman times a centre of rich civilisation, but has been lying waste ever since the Mahomedan conquest of Egypt. The spot is again being developed, as it is suitable for the cultivation of cotton, and has much mineral wealth. Sent by Miss Johnson, Burgaye, Bagenalstown, Co. Carlow

(2) One of Natal's Oldest Colonists

The reader is a Mr. Reid, a colonist who came out to Natal in the early 'fifties, when the land was in its primitive state, and tigers and elephants could be found close to one's dwelling. Though well over eighty years of age, he still takes a keen interest in the world's, and especially the Old Country's, doings. Sent by Mr. W. L. Caney 208, Church Street, Maritzburg, Natal

(3) In a Mexican Mining Camp

Mr. G. H. Watt, the sender of this photograph, writes: "The copy of the paper in the photo was sent me from Australia, and, owing to the distance from the railway and difficulties in getting photographic supplies, it was six months before it was possible to develop the film. The Mexicans in the picture are loading up the mule with 'concentrates,' or the values from the silver ore"

(*Continued from page 620*)

"My—son?" said Miss Ferringham. "Oh—I suppose he is. But is it quite pretty of you to say so? In my profession"—she spoke a little bitterly—"it's so difficult to grow old. Our youth means so much to us. The stage wasn't made for old women. And you tell me I'm old enough to be Archie's mother!"

"I'm old enough myself," he pointed out, "to be Archie's father. I have outgrown a boyish fancy for *débutantes*—if I ever had one. You and Archie can't have two ideas in common."

"We've one," she said. "Archie loves me. And I——"

She stopped. Not in any embarrassment—he felt that. Rather in a passing uncertainty as to the word she wished to use.

"You don't—you can't—love him," Montfort said, gravely.

She looked up at him. Her face was moved, and softened.

"I love his love for me," she said. "It's a passing fancy—I know that. It's foolish—I know that, too. And you've just told me what I knew before—that I'm old enough to be his mother. But he loves me—and I've done without that sort of love so long. I love him for caring about me in the kind of way I haven't found since you——"

She was silent. For a moment Montfort was silent too.

"I'm too old for him," she went on. "I know it—I've known it all the time. But it's a temptation—and I'm not strong enough to send him away. I listened to the—the voice of reason once; but it's too much to expect me to do that again. But you needn't be afraid for him. I'll make him happy—I'll practise all the arts of illusion. And he hasn't your brains, you know," she ended.

"You're marrying him," Montfort said, "because you—didn't marry me?"

"I'm marrying him," Miss Ferringham said frankly, "because he's the next best thing to you that I've met. Yes."

There was a long silence. And then Montfort put down his tea-cup.

"Flo," he said, "there's a chance for him still—the last chance. You might marry—someone else. Someone who listened to the voice of reason—and is deuced sorry for it."

"Someone?" she wondered, with the ghost of a smile. "'The last chance?' Archie's last chance—or yours?"

"Mine," said Montfort. "Let him go—he'll get over it. In six months' time he'll thank us for saving him from himself. But if we miss this, our last chance is gone, as well as his."

"After all," said Miss Ferringham, a moment later, "it's not my fault that I'm old enough to be his——"

"Step-mother," ended Montfort, promptly.

NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

En Famille

Miss Phyllis and Miss Zena Dare, with their mother, father, and brother at their bungalow at Herne Bay

The Ladies' Fencing Championship

THE SIX COMPETITORS ON THE FINAL DAY

FOR the first time in its history, the Amateur Fencing Association held a Ladies' Championship Competition at the Sword Club last week. The number of entries were thirty-six, which is an index to the growing popularity of fencing among ladies. There was a great deal of interest evoked by the last day's proceedings, when the last six ladies left in the competition tried conclusions. These were: Miss Naylor, Miss Milman, and Miss Richmond (all from the Alexandra House Gymnasium), Miss Hall (Betrand's School of Arms), Miss Nepean (Graves's School of Arms), and Mrs. Edwardes (the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime). Of these, Mrs. Edwardes was undoubtedly the favourite, but in the final she was defeated by Miss M. H. Hall. The prize took the shape of a beautiful hat-pin of gold and platinum, modelled on a sixteenth-century rapier in the collection of Captain A. Hutton, president of the Association.

Miss Evelyn Naylor
Miss Richmond
Miss Daphne Milman

Mrs. Edwardes
Miss M. H. Hall (the winner)
Miss N. Nepean

RACING NOTIONS

PROSPECTS OF ASCOT. By "CARBINE"

Promise of a Brilliant Meeting

Ascot, like all race meetings, depends largely upon the weather for its success. Such a wretched summer have we had so far that the seeming chances of an improvement are being greeted with universal joy. A wet Ascot is nothing short of calamitous. Socially, there is no event of the kind to compare with the meeting, and it is equally pre-eminent from the sporting standpoint. One thing we can unfailingly count upon, and that is the very cream of racing. We ought to see some magnificent contests, for nearly all the crack horses in training in this country are to be started, while France has sent a selection of her best stayers.

The Historic Gold Cup

Probably the most interesting race will be that for the much-coveted Gold Cup on Thursday. Writing these notions before the opening of the meeting, it is difficult to say which of the French candidates will be in the field, but after the stinging blows our Gallic neighbours have already given us this season, it is absolutely certain that we cannot afford to ignore anything in the nature of foreign competition. I suppose The White Knight will be made a good favourite, and who can wonder after the emphatic defeat he gave to such first-class horses as Troutbeck, Polymelus, and Polar Star at Epsom? And yet it will surprise me if Bridge of Canny does not put up a good fight against the Irish-bred horse, for Lord Derby's colt is a rare sticker. Then there is Beppo, who showed that he is now in fine form by the style in which he won at Manchester; while the Hungarian horse, Morpeth II., is also considered to be a danger. Add to these the names of one or two of the French stayers, and you have the makings of an extraordinarily interesting struggle. My idea is that **The White Knight** will win, especially if the race is run at a fair pace, and I say this because we have seen the Cup absolutely thrown away more than once during recent years. Recall, for example, the victory of Throwaway over Zinfandel and Sceptre three years ago—one of the greatest "flukes" in racing history. Halsey, however, ought, on Thursday, to make no mistake on The White Knight, and I think Bridge of Canny will prove the best of his opponents.

Will the Duke Win the Royal Hunt Cup?

There is sure to be a very large field for the Royal Hunt Cup to-day, yet I am afraid that those who wish to back Hillsprite will not get anything big in the shape of a price. I pointed out last week that Sam Darling held a strong hand for this race, and I am more than ever convinced that he will win it for the Duke of Devonshire. At the time of writing there is every reason to believe that Hillsprite will be the chosen one of the stable; but even if Marcovil were to be started instead, I should be almost as confident, as I was very much impressed by the way the colt ran in the Jubilee Stakes. My advice to readers is not to ignore Marcovil in any race for which he is started. Regarding Hillsprite's chance, I look upon him as having been very kindly treated by the handicappers, and it is significant to observe that they have put him much higher up in their later compilation for the Wokingham Stakes. Last week allusion was made to Kaffir Chief's prospects, but I see Lord Carton is to be substituted by his stable. I look to a popular win for the **Duke of Devonshire**, in all likelihood with Hillsprite, and recommend Andover "both ways."

Wednesday's Programme

Attractive races succeed each other with almost bewildering rapidity at the best of all race meetings, and as some horses are engaged several times, the difficulty is to foretell which of the events they will be called upon to contest. The rich Coronation Stakes, however, seems to be good for **Laomedia.** On last season's form, My Pet II. should win the "Ascot Derby," but he has run badly in France, and it will probably be safest to go for **Bezonian.** Another likely winner on this day is **Popinjay.**

Selections for the Two Concluding Days

With the usual State procession, and the certainty of an enormous crowd, the Gold Cup Day will be very brilliant if the weather is tolerably decent. Besides the great race for the historic trophy, we shall probably see **Slieve Gallion** win the St. James's Palace Stakes. **Woolwinder**, who picked up a nice stake at Hurst Park on Saturday, ought to secure his race on the Gold Cup Day; and what is to beat **Polar Star** in the Rous Memorial? Several dark two-year-olds will make their appearance in the New Stakes, and one hears best accounts of Royal Realm, who, said to be smarter than White Eagle, must be good indeed. Turning to Friday's programme, it is impossible to write definitely of the Wokingham Stakes until after the race for the Hunt Cup, but it should be remembered that Sophron is in excellent form just now. If started for the Hardwicke Stakes or the Alexandra Plate, **Beppo** should score, while **Anklang** is my fancy for the Windsor Castle Stakes.

ROYAL ASCOT.
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC."

GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

A Triumphant Trio

Quite a lot of interesting things happened at the Beckenham tournament last week. Brookes was there, and so was Miss Sutton, to say nothing of A. F. Wilding, who, after that little trip on the Continent, which caused the *Daily Mail* such anxiety as to his whereabouts, turned up a fortnight ago at the Sheffield tournament and had a sort of exercise canter there in preparation for Beckenham. There were other foreign entries, too, including Sharp and Doust, the Australian couple, the former of whom had the bad luck to tear a muscle in the calf of his leg while playing a Mixed Double with Mrs. Hillyard on Friday; D. P. Rhodes, the American, and Miss Violet Summerhayes, the lady champion of Canada; while the home contingent included our lady champion, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, and several other players of repute. But the "aliens" had it nearly all their own way, and if Brookes and Wilding had not scratched in the final of the Doubles, these two, with Miss Sutton, would probably have carried off four out of the five open events. Wilding won the Kent Championship Singles (in which Brookes did not compete), and beat the holder, A. W. Gore, after a five-set match, wherein the New Zealander's superior stamina got him home at the finish; Miss Sutton won the corresponding ladies' event, beating, among others, the holder, Mrs. Chambers, and thereby reversing last year's Wimbledon result; Brookes and Miss Sutton won the Mixed Doubles. The Ladies' Doubles, in which Miss Sutton did not play, fell to Miss C. M. Wilson and Miss Boothby.

A Bad Look Out for England

From what I saw of Miss Sutton's play at Leicester, coupled with the fact that Mrs. Sterry has beaten her, and that both Miss Wilson and Miss Lowther have nearly done so, I did not expect her to beat Mrs. Chambers. But she has evidently been gradually approaching the top of her form, and must have got there about last Friday, on which day she fairly overwhelmed Miss Eastlake Smith. On the following day, Mrs. Chambers was added to the list of her victims. This result goes to show that the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon is in just as serious jeopardy as the Men's, especially as I hear that Mrs. Sterry has been unlucky enough to sprain her ankle severely, though, of course, it is hoped that she will still be able to compete. Mrs. Sterry has been playing so well this season that I had put her down as the chief stumbling-block in Miss Sutton's way towards the All-Comers' final. I am sure all lawn tennis people will be sorry to hear of this mishap to one of our most popular players.

ROWING

A Teutonic Invasion

Apparently, there is to be a sort of Teutonic invasion of Henley, for four out of the five foreign entries at present announced are from Germany. There has been a regular rowing boom in that country for some years past, for which the Kaiser is partly responsible. He is very fond of attending the principal regattas, such as the one at Grünau, illustrated on page 626, and distributing the

Miss Toupie Lowther

A. E. Beamish

Lawn Tennis at Beckenham: Studies in Expression and Attitude

prizes. I think the Germans will soon be very formidable competitors, for they are very keen and painstaking, and their physique is magnificent, though, sometimes, a little too suggestive of Sandow. They are, almost invariably, good sportsmen and genuine amateurs, and no one ought to grudge them any successes they may gain.

Henley Extortions

I am very glad to see that the *Sportsman* and some of the University papers have taken up the subject of the extortionate charges levied by the inhabitants of Henley upon the competitors in the regatta. For years past, many of the College Boat Clubs have been unable to afford the inordinate expense of keeping their crew for ten days or a fortnight at Henley without sending the hat round among past members, and, consequently, have refrained from entering when they might well have done so. This seems a short-sighted policy on the part of the townspeople. It may be fair enough to charge the casual visitor Ritz prices for an attic in regatta time, but why give the same treatment to the man who has brought the visitor there? If there were more entries, the regatta would last longer; and, if fair prices were charged to the competitors, it might even be possible to fleece the spectators for five days instead of three.

The May Races

The shuffling which took place in the order of the leading boats at Cambridge was satisfactory as far as it went, but in the interests of University rowing I wish that one of the less distinguished colleges had come out on the top of the pack. For more than thirty years the headship has been held by either Jesus, Trinity Hall, or one of the two Trinity clubs, and, consequently, the other colleges have become discouraged, and many of their members have abandoned rowing for less strenuous pastimes—to their great disadvantage. Colleges like John's, Pembroke, Caius, and Emmanuel ought to supply far more rowing blues than they do.

Third Trinity

Third have fallen to a lower place than they have occupied for many years past. Confined as they are to Eton and Westminster men (and, since the abolition of "Water," practically to the former), they are one of the smallest clubs at either University, and despite their many successes, they have sometimes had some difficulty in getting a crew together at all. In 1888 they had only eight able-bodied rowing members—Muttlebury and seven other people—and upon one of the seven others being taken ill, had to bring in, at the eleventh hour, an untrained man weighing about 9 stone, who was put stroke and told to keep time with six as well as he could. He did his duty manfully, and, by dint of luck and Muttlebury, the crew kept its place as second on the river. The shorthandedness of those days was largely due to the fact that Dr. Warre used to persuade most of the Eton eight to go to Oxford, and I can only trust that Canon Lyttelton will prove an equally efficient crimp in the interests of Cambridge and Third Trinity.

Photo *Topical*

The Regatta at Grünau, Germany, at which the Kaiser presented the prizes

There has been a regular rowing boom in Germany for some years past, for which the Kaiser is partly responsible, for he is very fond of attending the principal regattas, and frequently distributes the prizes

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Motor Club Run

The remarkable growth of the Motor Club, which now numbers a thousand members, was indicated last Sunday week by the large number who attended the opening run to Brighton. By half-past ten in the morning, close upon fifty cars had assembled outside the Club-house in Coventry Street, and, marshalled in two long ranks, they presented a very striking appearance. Among others were Mr. Harvey du Cros, in a 45 h.-p. Mercédès; Mr. Walter Gibbons, in a 50 h.-p. Itala; Mr. E. D. Heinemann, in a 28-35 h.-p. Pilain; Sir J. Clifton Robinson, in a 135 h.-p. Mercédès; Mr. Charles Sangster, in the Ariel car he drove in the *Graphic* Trophy race; and Mr. Huntley Walker in his six-cylinder Darracq. After a pleasant run, with the inevitable stop at the George Hotel, Crawley, one hundred and fifty members of the Club and their friends sat down to an excellent lunch at the Royal York Hotel, Colonel Bosworth presiding. We give a photograph of Miss Evie Greene, the famous actress and singer, who drove down with Mr. Huntley Walker in his Darracq car. Apropos of the aforementioned gentleman, it is now public knowledge that, as one would expect from a sportsman of his reputation, he has surrendered the Darracq car he intended to drive in the Grand Prix to Mr. A. Lee Guinness, who had such bad luck in the Tourist Trophy Race.

Car-icature—No. XXXI.: Mr. Tom Thornycroft

The second son of the founder of the great Chiswick firm, he was educated at St. Paul's and the Central Technical College, Kensington. He does not confine his attention to the open road, but is also one of the most prominent motor yachtsmen

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Mr. Lee Guinness and the Grand Prix

It will be remembered that Mr. A. Lee Guinness, who seemed to have the race in the hollow of his hand, stopped, for want of petrol, only two miles from the winning-post. Nor does the mention of the two miles describe adequately his ill-luck, for a spoonful of petrol would have sufficed to take his Darracq car the few hundred yards to the spot where the descent commences, when he could have free-wheeled home.

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Photo *Topical Agency*

The Motor Club Run to Brighton: Miss Evie Greene on Mr. Huntley Walker's six-cylinder Darracq

The Darracq Company withdrew their cars from the Grand Prix as a protest against the conduct of a certain competitor who had, at the eleventh hour, purchased the services of their crack driver. Mr. Huntley Walker stepped into the breach, purchased the racer, and out of compliment for his excellent driving in the Isle of Man, invited Mr. Lee Guinness to accept the responsibility of guiding the Darracq to . . . . . shall we say, victory? Mr. Huntley Walker and Mr. Lee Guinness share between them all the world's motor records, while Mr. Lee Guinness is an amateur driver in the best sense of the word. Mr. Lee Guinness, by-the-by, is the nephew and heir of Lord Ardilaun, the brother of Lord Iveagh.

* * *

Races in Germany

Miss Dorothy Levitt, who drove a six-cylinder Napier in a non-stop run in the Herkomer Trophy, was awarded a special gold medal for efficiency when the prizes were announced in the aforementioned competition. I am very glad this plucky and charming lady was thus honoured, for not only was her non-stop drive of 1,818 kilometres, in competition with the best cars in the world, an achievement worthy of notice, but she is a magnificent driver, albeit as modest as can be And, unlike so many motorists of my acquaintance, she takes a keen interest in affairs mundane, so often outside the motorist's ken. A 50 h.-p. Benz car was awarded the Herkomer Trophy. The great event of last week on the Continent was the Kaiserpreis, which was graced by the presence of the Emperor himself, as well as by other lesser-known German reigning monarchs. The winner, as was expected by those who knew what complete preparations had been made by the Fiat Co., was won by Nazzaro, on a Fiat. The Kaiser received the winner in the Imperial box, shook hands warmly with him, and presented him with the golden bauble. Meanwhile, we in England have to be patient, and hope that the opening of Brooklands on July 7 next will give us our chance of a show. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miss Dorothy Levitt

Who drove a Napier car in a non-stop run in the Herkomer Trophy Race, and was awarded a special Gold Medal for efficiency

Car-icature—No. XXXI.: Mr. Tom Thornycroft

Mr. Tom Thornycroft is the second son of Sir John I. Thornycroft, of Chiswick, whose inventions in connection with torpedo-boat construction are so famous. The word "sportsman" aptly describes Mr. Tom Thornycroft. Educated at St. Paul's School, he afterwards joined the Central Technical College of Engineering, South Kensington, better, perhaps, known as the C.T.C.—not to be confounded with the Cyclist Touring Club. On completing his course, he immediately entered his father's works, and, being an enthusiastic yachtsman, devoted himself to motor-boat construction. But the motor-car, with its overwhelming influence, claimed him, and his brilliant driving in the Tourist Trophy Race during the last three seasons has stamped him as a man of mark in the motoring world. Last year, about two days before the contest, he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle so badly that it was impossible for him to walk, and everyone expected that he would have to hand over the wheel to a substitute. But no! for though in great pain, he drove throughout the race, having made a make shift rest for the injured ankle. Mr. Thornycroft leaves nothing to his mechanician, for that generally invaluable person on his car is an ornament rather than an assistant.

* * *

Miscellanea

I have received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Dixon, of 193, Oxford Street, and am glad to make the correction: "In the last issue of your journal I observe you make a reference to the recent announcement of the record by H. R. Pape from Monte Carlo to London. You state that the record in question had already been bettered by 6 min. on a Mercédès car, driven by Mr. A. G. Brown. If the time, as given in the Michelin Tyre Company's advertisement, had been correct, the record you refer to would have stood; but, owing to an error, the time was given as 29 hrs. 26 min., whereas it should have been 29 hrs. 16 min. The latter time, of course, beats the record which you have mentioned by 4 min.; and as the performance of Mr. H. R. Pape, which was accomplished on Michelin detachable rims and tyres, has been officially recognised, it is the standing record at the present moment."

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

6 H.-P. ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Herkomer Trophy Race: The cars before the start from Würzburg

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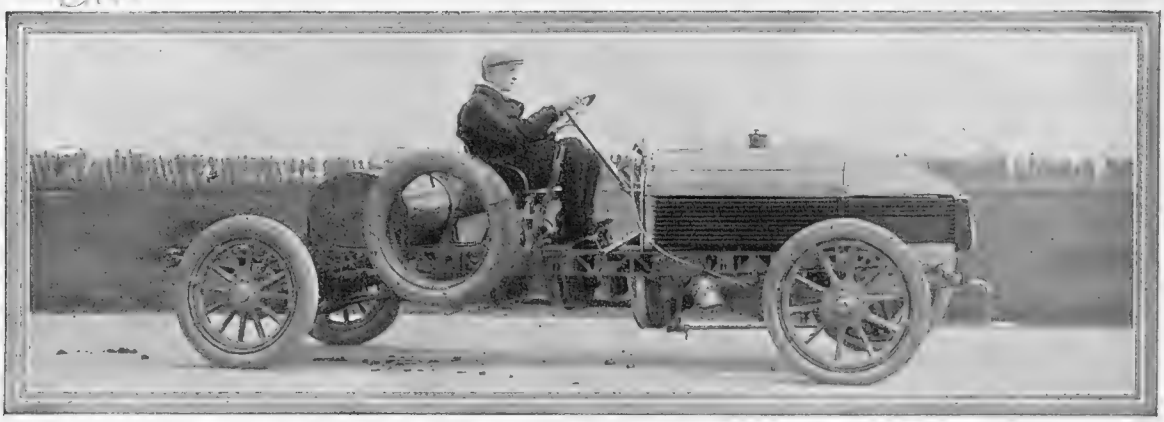

A British Competitor in the Kaiserpreis: Mr. C. A. Glentworth on his 60 h.-p. Napier

The Motor Union draw attention to the fact that the speed limit of six miles an hour, which has been instituted at Milborne Port, is illegally imposed. Motorists, therefore, driving through that hallowed district, may ignore the notices and defy the authorities.

The Hastings Automobile Meeting, organised by the Automobile Association, takes place on June 26, and the entries close first post on June 19. Any of my readers, however, who wish to enter for the Gymkhana can chance acceptance of their entries by telegraphing to the Secretary, 11, Havelock Road, Hastings. The day commences with a parade of motor-cars, for which a first prize of £10 10s. will be awarded for the car, not decorated, adjudged to be the best appointed, and handsome banners for second and third, while similar prizes will be given for the best florally decorated car. In the afternoon the Gymkhana takes place in the Hastings Cricket Ground at 2.30. The events are: Musical chairs, cleaving the Turk's head, a lady passenger's race, and, perhaps the most popular from the spectacular point of view, the obstacle race, where I am told there will be a carefully prepared police trap, and competitors will have to evade the policeman and execute other impossible feats. Amateurs can be assured of a very enjoyable time if the weather is fine.

Men's Suitings

A man's main concern in the matter of clothes is with regard to his lounge suits, in which most of his life is spent; and though such, as the name implies, allow a certain freedom, it is essential that no less care be bestowed on the material, cut, and finish than is the case with the smartest and most correct morning coat. One's tailor must, therefore, be a specialist, and Mr. J. M. Bult, of Fenchurch Street, is probably just the man you have been looking for for years past. Not only is he a practical tailor—the business has been in the family for three generations—but his large *clientèle* necessitates a large and varied stock of materials from which customers can make their choice. One of the most attractive and fashionable suitings at the present moment is Lovat Tweed. This may be had in several patterns and colourings, but the green patterns, of which there are many varieties, are some of the most suitable that I have ever seen, and when it is said that a perfectly cut lounge suit of Lovat Tweed is made by Mr. Bult for the sum of £3 10s., readers will realise the great claims he has on their custom. Space will not permit of an adequate description of the other varieties offered; suffice it to mention, however, that all the most fashionable suitings are kept well to the fore, a light snuff-coloured brown and a peculiar shade of blue being now particularly prominent.

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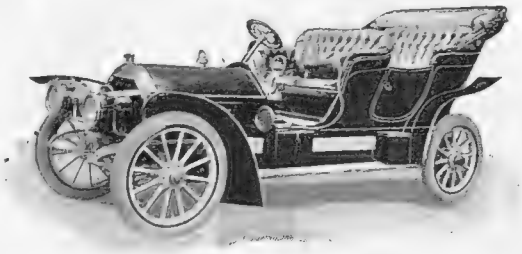

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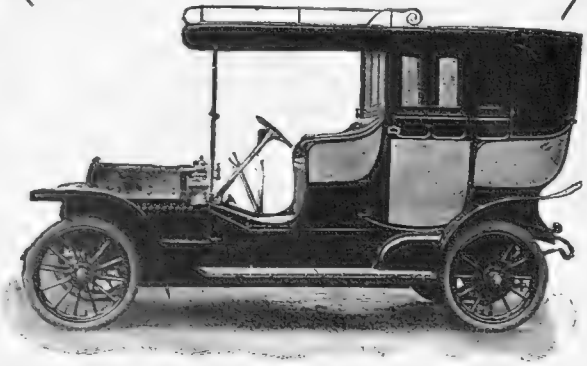
These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.



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Where the Open Championship is being Played: Putting on the eleventh green at Hoylake

The Open Championship at Hoylake

This is the third occasion since the institution of the Open Championship in 1860 that the contest has taken place on the famous course of the Royal Liverpool Club, the two previous occasions being that in the year 1897, when Mr. Hilton won, and that in 1902, when Sandy Herd came in first. Most of my readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the Hoylake links, and will hardly need reminding that, in the opinion of many eminent judges, they rank only second to St. Andrews as a test of first-class golf. If any testimonial is needed by the course, it is amply provided in the persons of the great players whom it has produced, such as Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. John Graham. In short, the man who means to win the Championship at Hoylake must be a thorough expert, and must be prepared to meet and surmount every difficulty with which a first-class golf course can confront him.

The New Regulations

This year a new set of regulations is being put in force, under which the contestants are divided into two lots, the first playing two qualifying rounds on Tuesday, the second two qualifying rounds on Wednesday. The thirty best scores, including ties of each of the two sets of players, will entitle their compilers to places in the competition proper, which starts on Thursday, the 20th instant. We shall thus have at least sixty players contending for the great prize by playing two rounds on Thursday and two rounds on Friday under the rules at present governing the competition. It will be interesting to see how this new system works, and whether it will have the desired effect of simplifying matters and solving the knotty problem of a plethora of competitors which afflicts both Championships. It is curious to note that it has fallen to the lot of the Royal Liverpool Club to inaugurate this new system, for they have been the pioneers in very many matters appertaining to Championships, whether Open or Amateur. That the competition will be conducted in the most admirable manner goes without saying, for the authorities of the Royal Liverpool Club are famous in this respect, while their Secretary, Mr. Janion, is a past master in the management of affairs of this kind.

The Competitors

I have said nothing as yet about the chances of the competitors, and I approach that part of my task with considerable reluctance and diffidence. For who would be so rash as to venture in these days of hordes of competitors on the thorny domain of prophecy? Golf is such a curious game, and the element of luck (thank Heaven!) still has such a strong hold of it, that it is almost impossible to predict with certainty who will come out on top. Still there are certain circumstances about this year's Championship which make it intensely interesting. *Imprimis*, Braid will naturally make an immense effort to equal the record of Jamie Anderson and Bob Ferguson by recording his third consecutive victory, and incidentally thereby equalling Harry Vardon's record of four wins. A victory this year would also give Braid the chance of equalling the most famous record of all, that of Tom Morris, jun., who achieved four successive victories in 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1872, no Championship having taken place in 1871. On the other hand, both Harry Vardon and Taylor will have a somewhat similar incentive to spur them on to defeat Braid's ambition. All these players have retained their brilliant form of last year, while in Vardon's case his improved putting considerably enhances his chances.

Of the younger division, G. Duncan is the likeliest man to make a raid into the territories of the great triumvirate, while my readers can, without my help, call to mind hosts of players who will be there or thereabouts.

Will History Repeat Itself?

Finally, it may be possible that history will repeat itself. In 1890, Mr. John Ball won both Championships, the Open, at Prestwick, and the Amateur, on his home green. He has made an auspicious beginning by annexing the amateur event on a Scottish green. Who shall say that he will not add fresh lustre to his laurels by securing this Championship on the course which is so absolutely identified with his name and great feats? If he fails, his club-mate, Mr. Graham, may quite conceivably keep the cup at Hoylake.

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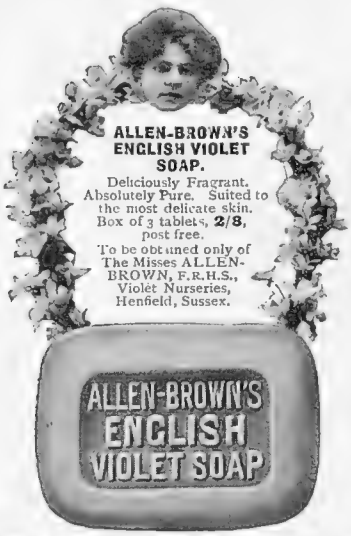

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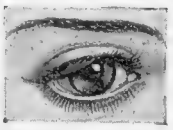

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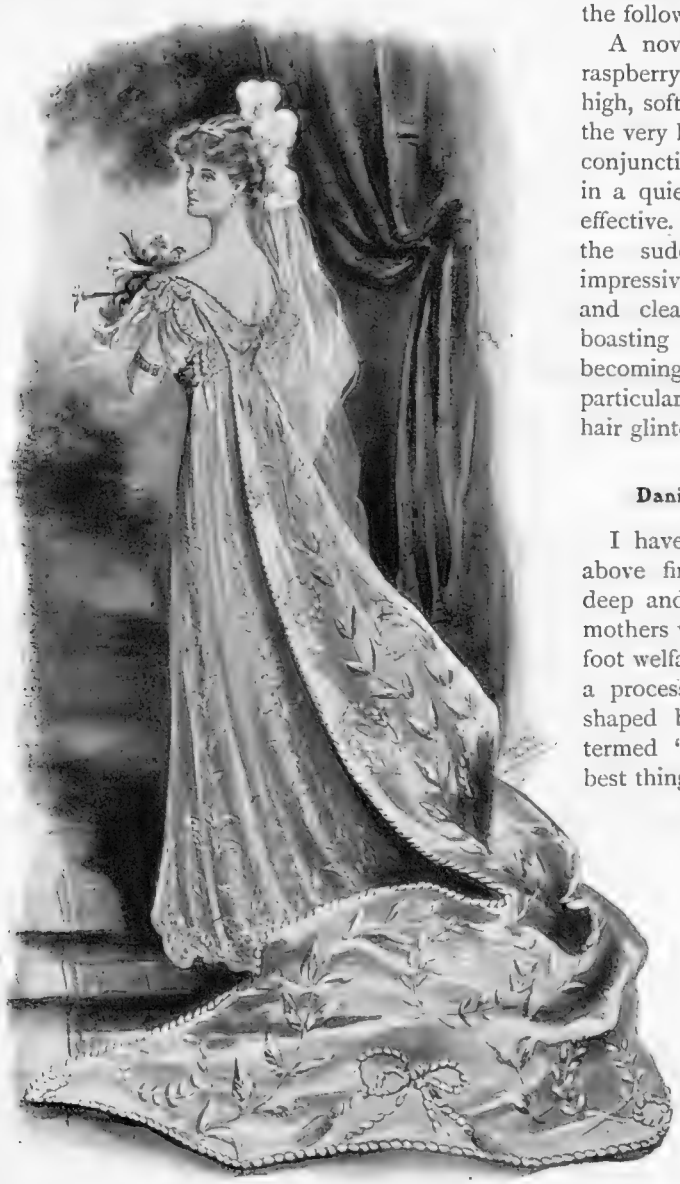
CURIOS.

LONDON OPINION CURIO CLUB is NOW OPEN. Collectors who are desirous of disposing or exchanging antiques or curios are invited to send them to the gallery.—Particulars of membership can be obtained from the Secretary, 107, Regent Street, London, W.

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Despite pessimistic prognostications, the season is steadily crystallising to success. Events crowd quickly the one after the other, and since it is only fair to offer justice where justice is due, we may date the first really representative display of dress from the Horse Show at Olympia. Short of seeing with my own eyes and observing with my own wits, I frankly confess that some doubt might have arisen as to the accuracy of some of the reports. But two visits there provided me with modistic data which, if related at its due length, would absorb a good third of the entire BYSTANDER.



The Latest Aspect of the Court Gown
(DRAWN BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Cosmopolitan Influence

The drawing of the invidious comparison is almost inevitable during the present influx of foreigners and Americans to our shore, and the surmise is safe that the great Race Week of the year will be one of the best-dressed Ascots ever experienced. For those who can afford the extravagance, the lingerie frock will prove irresistibly seductive, and because of a certain unavoidable similarity, the wearers of these *blanche* toilettes most likely to secure approbation and favourable criticism will find their gown sharing honours with a *chapeau* according to any of the following designs.

A novel combination for a hat is pale crushed raspberry pink and mole, the latter in the guise of a high, soft, Charlotte Corday crown of tulle, although the very latest neutral note is *La Puce*, much used in conjunction with black crin and lace hats, where, in a quiet, unaggressive way, it is most remarkably effective. And yet another telling colour contrast is the suddenly revived Bishop's purple—a rich, impressive shade that comes out well both in crin and clear striped or spot net; the latter, when boasting a down-turned brim, sheds the most becoming shade over the face, and seems to have a particular affinity with the medium shade of brown hair glinted through with gold.

Daniel Neal and Sons, 68-70, Edgware Road

I have postponed, all too long, a mention of the above firm, whose doings interest me to a very deep and intimate degree, as they certainly will all mothers who have their children's comfort and future foot welfare at heart. Briefly, Messrs. Neal have, by a process of careful evolution, produced a sandal-shaped boot and shoe for children, descriptively termed "Phat Pheet," that is admittedly the very best thing of the kind ever put forward. The craze for the sandal *pur et simple* is, happily, passing. Under latter-day conditions, for Town at any rate, these skeleton coverings were distinctly insanitary. And this is just precisely what Messrs. Neal have done: they have taken the identical sole-shape of the sandal, and modelled it up to the more desirable modern boot and shoe, maintaining the following characteristics and advantages.

Primarily, there is the width, which allows every tiny toe the room that Nature demands; then the undyed linings, which guarantee immunity from all foot disorders, so frequently prevalent

with the children; and finally, all the models made in the "Phat Pheet" sandal shapes are stocked in half sizes, the range practically covering all periods of childhood from the first baby requirements to the time when the foot may be safely accepted as formed.

Every possible contingency has been foreseen by Messrs. Neal, and consequently, as specialists, it fulfils their purpose to supply undreamed-of fits and styles, all of which, however, are conscientiously based on the sandal shape. Let it be observed, moreover, with all speed, that these "Phat Pheet" shapes are exceedingly happy in appearance, as may be primarily gathered from a full and faithfully illustrated catalogue that Messrs. Neal will be pleased to send, post free, to anyone mentioning The Bystander.

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

In these days of rush and bustle, of quick apprehension and as speedy forgetfulness, I make no apology for extolling once again the merits of the Cyclax Company's preparations. Just to jog unretentive memories, let me explain briefly that these remarkable skin remedies have received the fullest possible testimony afforded by time as to their complete efficacy. In fact, the only comparatively fresh thing about them is the name "Cyclax," and that is now running on two years old, a period that has been accompanied by an extension of premises, in the shape of the ground floor at 58, South Molton Street. This has lately been transformed into three charming connecting *salons*, got up in an artistic scheme of delicate blue and white, with show-cases in dark wood frames, the end apartment of all providing a retreat where, every Tuesday and Thursday, the inspired organiser and renowned skin specialist responsible for the Cyclax specialities is installed to give private and particular advice, free of charge, as to the use of the preparations. Added to this is the postal system—exceptionally complete—through which each letter receives the individual attention of Madame herself, whose judgment is unerring as to the requirement of every client.

It may confidently be said that there is no ill that the skin is heir to that has not been considered, and ultimately provided for, in the curriculum of the Cyclax series. It would only tend to bewilder, if such a tyro as I were to detail the various lotions, creams, and emollients, the more so as the Company has recently revised and enlarged their booklet, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," a work which has only to be read to carry complete conviction that the leading virtue of the remedies is genuineness. And since that embodies all the other virtues, what more is there to be said? Then, very wisely, the Company only send this book on receipt of a demand, and the mention of some reliable channel such as The Bystander.

The firm is already far too much advanced in success, secured, be it said, through that best of all mediums, legitimate service, to need any circularising; but since the Cyclax Company has been formed with a sole end in view of providing a perfectly sound and safe home treatment for the skin, it is more satisfactory to all concerned to have the methods and various applications clearly and lucidly described. An intelligent perusal of these notes will leave no shadow of doubt in the reader's mind as to the avoidance of generalising, while, incidentally, much common-sense advice is offered as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. In a word, the simple *régime* of life dictated by Nature is set forth, which is just the very last resource to occur to the civilised world.

One lotion, however, there is, "The Special Lotion," that obtains universally good results, a difference in the skin becoming clearly apparent after a week's application. Then another dread indicator of advancing age is the loosening of the muscles of the throat, which is completely obviated by the Cyclax Company's Throat Lotion.

The Cyclax Company's Consulting Room at 58, South Molton Street

The Latest Aspect of the Court Gown

Both the final Courts of the season have been notable for the favour extended to white, embroidered in silver or gold. The Josephine period, as I foretold in these columns, has found faithful record, evidence of this being afforded in our design, where the fiddle-shaped train represents the modern adaptation of that worn in the First Empire. This appendage is of rich, soft, white satin, heavily embroidered in dull gold, and thickly corded about the edges, and accompanies a high-waist frock of double chiffon, lightly worked in an upward trailing design of fine gold thread, the tiny bodice a mass of the heavy gold stitching.

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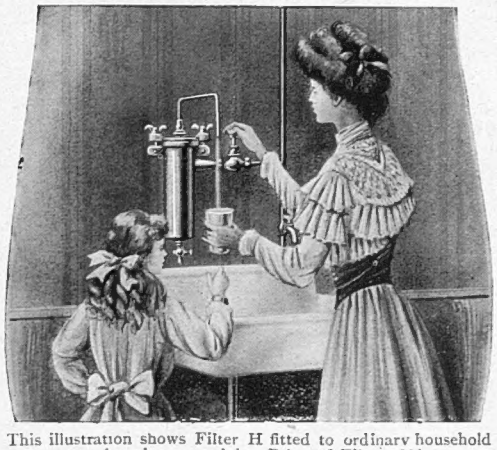

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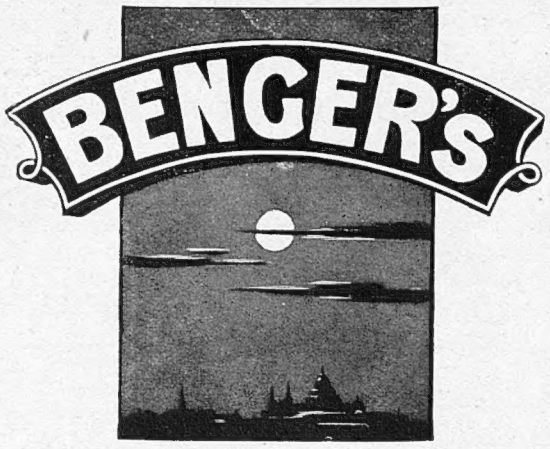

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How to prepare it—

1.—Mix slowly into a smooth paste one tablespoonful of the Food with four tablespoonfuls of cold milk.

2.—Add gradually, as you stir, a breakfast-cupful of boiling milk or milk and water.

3.—Set aside for 15 minutes.
At this point Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried.

4.—Pour into a saucepan and slowly heat, whilst stirring, till it boils. When sufficiently cool it is ready for serving.

Benger's Food is a natural restorative, dainty and delicious, highly nutritive, and the most easily digested of all foods.

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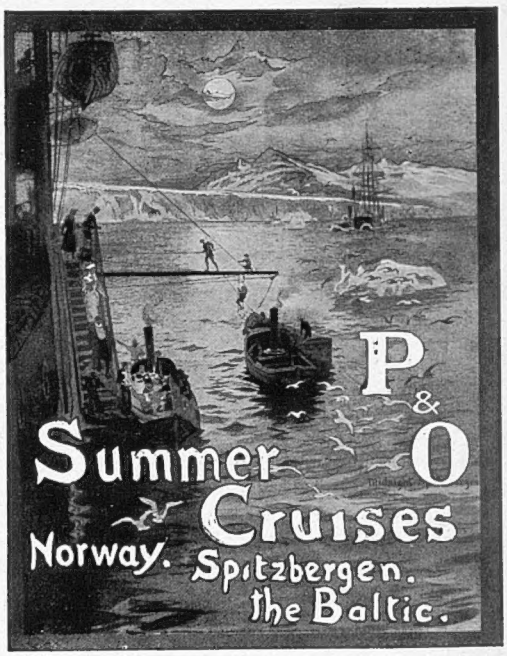

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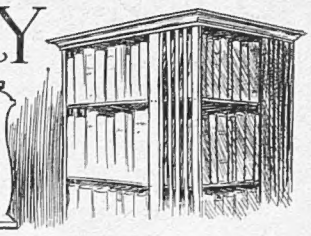

Books to Order This Week

"Three Weeks." By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth: 6*s.*)
"A Mirror of Shalott." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 6*s.*)
"The Strongest Plume." By Hugh de Selincourt. (Lane: 6*s.*)

The Reviewers Shocked Again

With many apologies, I confess myself quite unshocked by Mrs. Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* (Duckworth: 6*s.*). Yea, even though, originally, its publication was withheld by its author herself out of fear for the proprieties; even though, now that it has appeared, several daily reviewers have greeted its appearance with hot, blushing denunciation. It is the old, old story. Mrs. Glyn has chosen to write of a passionate and a beautiful love episode between persons who have not previously been married. That is her offence, and for it, of course, she must suffer the abuse of those most trustworthy of Mrs. Grundy's spokesmen — the daily reviewers.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

Who has shocked the critics again with her new novel, *Three Weeks*—the story of a young man's love affair with a reigning Queen, travelling *incog.*

Mrs. Glyn's Offence

The law which guides these gentlemen, apparently, is that while a novelist may write of a love affair of this description if she choose, she may not write of it artistically or sympathetically. Dare to show in any other than an odious light the conduct of such a couple, and damnation is yours. Of course, Mrs. Glyn's lovers could not *possibly* have got married. The man was a young English aristocrat; the woman a reigning Queen *incog.* They had met at a Swiss hotel, and fallen in love. The passion was a pure one and she yielded to it, her justification, ethically, being that her husband was a dissolute blackguard who had not even presented an heir to his Queen and his suffering people. An heir was the one thing needed to establish the dynasty; to give it birth, the very natural and very laudable ambition of the Queen. If ever an "intrigue" had justice and rectitude embossed all over it, that of which Mrs. Glyn writes had. Again, I repeat, the story is a beautiful one, which tells of a pure and a romantic passion, leading to a great grief and the killing of a man's soul. It is sickening that it should meet with the puny and the stupid reception it has from a supposedly intelligent Press. If any excuse be wanted for the young man's conduct in the affair, it is furnished, in full measure, by the frontispiece—a portrait of the Queen herself. I fail to see how any properly brought up, healthy minded young man—alone, and dull, in Lucerne — could have dared to do anything else but fall in love with this witch-like person—with such far-reaching green eyes, in which (according to the author) "the history of the whole world of passion seemed written—slumberous, inscrutable, their heavy lashes making shadows on her soft, smooth cheeks."

Barrister as Novelist

It might be expected that, of all men fitted to write a story of crime and the law, a barrister would be the most competent — provided he had the needed imagination. Therefore, picking up *The Average Man* (Routledge: 6*s.*), and discovering it to be a murder mystery with a strong legal and detective interest, the fact that it was written by a barrister (Mr. A. G. Fox-Davies) naturally led me to expect much. But the story —bad in any case from the point of construction, and incredibly crude in characterisation — seems weakest of all in the part where it might have been strongest. Imagine, for instance, a great K.C. — Ashley Tempest — having secured an acquittal from the murder charge, proceeding, immediately afterwards, to proclaim, publicly, his belief in his client's guilt! And then Mr. Fox-Davies's detective. He has a clue to the real murderer in the shape of a letter written to that personage by a woman in America. After diligent search, he finds the supposed writer. Here is his method of confirming his suspicion of her identity:

"I think your name is Alice, is it not?"
"It is."
"Will you please tell me if you wrote this letter?"

Masterly! And had the lady been an accomplice, and said "No!" to both questions, what would have been our wonderful sleuth-hound's next resource?

Injustice to the Detective

The detective of modern fiction is, it seems, either a Sherlock Holmes, plain or coloured, or an absolute idiot. But one expected a man of law to produce something a little fairer to Scotland Yard, which, after all, is a highly efficient office. As to the story, as with all murder mysteries, it is one which, once begun,

must be read to the finish. Two men have quarrelled over a woman in her flat; weeks after, a dead body, unrecognisable, is found in the next apartment by its occupant, a war correspondent just back from the front. First, this gentleman is arrested for the crime, of which he makes very excellent copy, and is acquitted. Next, one of the quarrelling men is arrested, the supposition being that the body is that of the other man, whom he has killed. He is, as above mentioned, in turn acquitted. Finally, it transpires that the body is that of somebody altogether different—a stranger to the story, and that the real murderer is——. But, however weak Mr. Davies's story, there is no need to reveal the end of the mystery, except in so far as I do so when I protest that a description of the hanging of a woman is both a needless and an offensive way of concluding even the most melodramatic of murder stories.

A Plea for Sweden

Englishmen who may have been disposed to sympathise with Sweden over the matter of the Norwegian secession of a year or two ago will not thank Mr. Anders Svenske for a book, just published by Mr. Unwin, entitled *Sweden's Rights*, which attempts to throw discredit on the Norwegians for their action in declaring their independence. If the book be officially inspired, it is rather a pity arguments more likely to appeal to us were not suggested. Those of this book are completely unconvincing. Norway is condemned for her swollen-headedness in aspiring to, and attaining, National independence, for her ingratitude to Sweden for benefits conferred by the Union of 1814, and for her unwisdom in risking the experiment of independence in face of possible Russian seizures on her Arctic coasts. Englishmen will be the last to upbraid Norway for the moral enormity of "righteously"—and bloodlessly—"struggling to be free." That she has any reason to be grateful to Sweden is not, again, proven. Mr. Svenske's contention that because Norway was, before the Union, a Danish province, and because, under the Swedish alliance, she attained some national dignity and commercial importance, therefore she should always have remained united to Sweden, is even less convincing, as the element of gratitude can scarcely be seriously expected to handicap States in their national aspirations. Lastly, as to Russian aggression, it makes us smile, in view of the results of the recent Far Eastern War, to be asked to quake and tremble on account of anything the Russian Navy may please to attempt so closely within range of our fleet as the Norwegian coasts; especially as the Norwegian Monarch happens to be a son-in-law of our own King.

Father Benson Waxes Occult

The experiences of occult phenomena, as recorded, in turn, by members of an assemblage of Catholic priests in Rome—French, English, Italian, Canadian, and German respectively—form the material for Father Hugh Benson's new volume, *A Mirror of Shalott* (Pitman: 6*s*.). The stories must appeal rather to the student of occultism than to the mere story-reader, for, purporting to be actual facts, they necessarily lack romantic power. To the spiritualist, however, and to the religionist, they are of value as testimony, from unimpeachable quarters, in favour of a belief in spirits; for, of all religious bodies, probably Catholics are the most predisposed in favour of occultism. Priests as story-tellers are, further, notoriously gifted. *Ergo: A Mirror of Shalott*, if not of exceptional value in a literary sense, is certainly a book to be scanned by those interested in its subject. VIVIAN CARTER.

A Special Interest in "The Bystander"

Operatives at Messrs. Swain's Process Works critically scrutinising THE BYSTANDER on the morning of publication, to see the published result of their week's labours. It may be a revelation to readers to know that such keen interest is taken in a publication by those who are so intimately concerned with its production